SHORT STORIES

EDITED BY C. ARTHUR PEARSON (OF PEARSON'S WEEKLY)

No. 302. FOR WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 13, 1894. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MASON'S

EXTRACT OF HERBS

For the Immediate Production of

BOTANIC BEER.

A Nine-gallon Cask of Alcoholic Beer from a Brewery will cost you 10/6, but Eight Gallons of Beer made from

MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS

Can be obtained for 6d., plus a pound or two of Sugar and a little Yeast.

THE FINEST BEVERAGE IN THE WORLD.

Inventors and Manufacturers:

NEWBALL & MASON,

Hyson Green Works,

NOTTINGHAM.

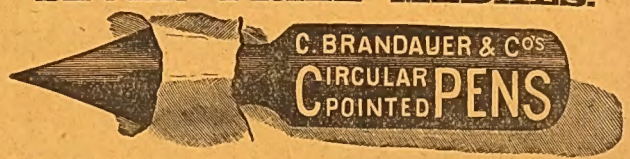
If unable to obtain it in your neighbourhood, send 9 stamps for sample bottle; or samples of both Wine Essence and Extract of Herbs, post free for 15 stamps.

One little Bottle of Norton's Pills,
Is not guaranteed to cure all ills,
But one little Bottle, beyond all question,
Will thoroughly conquer Indigestion!

Trade Mark: NORTON'S One little Bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN BOTTLES AT 1/1½, 2/9, AND 11/- EACH,
Ask for "NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.
Prepared by NORTON'S LIMITED, 21, Spital Square, London, E.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.



These series of pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. **A 6d.** assorted sample box of any stationer.

THREE HALF CROWNS

IT IS A STARTLING FACT

that **Three Half-Crowns (7/6)** will purchase a beautiful **SERGE DRESS LENGTH** in any of the following colours:—Black, Blue, Brown, Green, Claret, Nut Brown, Chestnut, Mulberry, Ruby, Red, Moss, Olive, Myrtle, Bronze, &c., also several very pretty and effective mixtures.

Full Dress Length (Carriage Paid) FOR **7/6**

Money returned if not approved.

20,000 Sets of Patterns now ready, write at once. Patterns are sent Post Free and need not be returned.

These beautiful Serges are specially manufactured for Autumn and Winter wear, elegant in appearance and are not heavy as most Serges are. They will not spot with rain or wear threadbare.

£5,000 to be Given Away in Presents to Purchasers.

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts of the World.

Cloth Table Covers, 2 yds. square, 4s. 9d. each, in Crimson, Claret, Tan, or Emerald. Remnant Bundles of Serge, 5s. and 10s. each, carriage paid. Write to-day for Patterns of Dress Materials, post free to any address.

LUTAS LEATHLEY & Co., Dept. 21, The Dress Warehouse, Armley, Leeds.

FOR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE. BEAUTIFUL HAIR

BRODIE'S IMPERIAL HAIR DYES & Cº

(REGISTERED) ONE LIQUID

No. 1 Black
No. 2 Dark Brown
No. 3 Light Brown
No. 4 Golden Brown or Auburn
No. 5 Pure Golden
No. 6 Brodie's Hair Grower and Restorer

Harmless, Perfect, Permanent and Odourless. Clear, no Sediment.

2/6, 3/6, 5/- & 10/6 (SECRETLY PACKED).

J. BRODIE, 41 MUSEUM STREET, LONDON

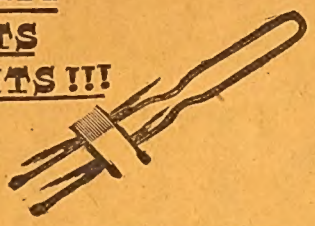
Established 1868. Once Tried, Always Used.

A HAIR PIN

WITHOUT POINTS

HAS GOOD POINTS!!!

SEE THE POINT?



Hinde's "Pyr Point" Hair Pin.

CAN'T SCRATCH THE HEAD, AND WON'T FALL OUT.

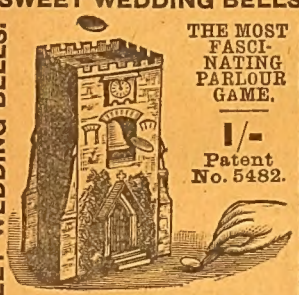
THEY COST YOU EXACTLY SAME PRICE AS OLD SORT.

EACH STORE AND WAREHOUSE KNOWS ALL ABOUT THEM.

SAMPLES FREE ON RECEIPT OF POST CARD.

Hindes Ltd., MANUFACTURERS OF BRUSHES & TOILET ARTICLES, BIRMINGHAM & LONDON.

SWEET WEDDING BELLS.



THE MOST FASCINATING PARLOUR GAME.

1/-

Patent No. 5482.

SWEET WEDDING BELLS.

SWEET WEDDING BELLS.

Obtainable of all Stationery and Fancy Dealers.

BALDNESS CURED in all its forms. Send stamped addressed envelope for Testimonials, Press Criticism, and valuable Pamphlet, containing Chapters on Baldness, Loss of Hair, Greyness, Superfluous Hair, &c., with Advice Form for Treatment, to Dr. HORN, Hair Specialist, Newport, Isle of Wight.

HAIR DESTROYED permanently and absolutely by an entirely new and harmless self-treatment. Total destruction guaranteed. This marvellous remedy has never yet failed. Pamphlet, giving full particulars, sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.—Prof. F. W. HOLT, Argyll Chambers, West Strand, London.

NOSE Ugly shape altered and redness cured, permanently. Stamped envelope for full particulars, LEES RAY, Specialist, Wavertree, Liverpool. Treatment thorough. Uniquely testimonialised by Clients and by Press.

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

If you have

ECZEMA

OR A SKIN DISEASE OF ANY KIND,

A single application of "ANTECZEMA" give relief, and a few more applications effect a cure

"ANTECZEMA" is sold by Chemists, etc., or will be sent post free for 1s. 8d., 2s. 9d., or 4s. 9d., by

THE ANTECZEMA COMPANY, 83, CASTLE ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

Book on the Skin and Diet free.

To Tobacconists Commencing.

£20 See Illus. Guide. 259 pp. 3d. "How to open a Cigar Stores from £20 to £1,000." "TOBACCONISTS' Co.," 186, Euston Road, London. Manager — H. Myers. Estab. 1866. *N.B.*—Shopfitters and Show Case Makers for all trades. ESTIMATES FREE.

HAIR DESTROYED.

The PERSIAN DEPILATORY absolutely exterminates without pain or injury to the most sensitive skin. It never fails to permanently destroy root and branch. Every case a success or no charge made. Send stamped addressed envelope to the "MANAGERESS," Oriental Toilet, Company, 87, Strand, London.

TOWLE'S PENNYROYAL & STEEL PILLS FOR FEMALES.

QUICKLY CORRECT ALL IRREGULARITIES, REMOVE ALL OBSTRUCTIONS and RELIEVE the distressing SYMPTOMS so prevalent with the sex. Boxes 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. (the latter size contains three times the quantity), of all Chemists, or will be sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps, by the maker,

E. T. TOWLE, Chemist, NOTTINGHAM.

Beware of Imitations injurious and worthless.

A Genuine Offer!

6/6 To Introduce a Specimen of our Jewellery, 6/6

A SAMPLE HALL-MARKED

REAL COLD LADIES' DRESS RING

Will be sent Post Free to every applicant on receipt of P.O. value 6s. 9d.

The Ring is delicate and pretty, and quite equal in appearance and wear to one costing many pounds. Money returned if satisfaction is not given.

Satisfaction Absolutely Guaranteed.

As we are selling this article under cost price as an advertisement only, we cannot guarantee to repeat this offer, therefore the offer only holds good for a week after date of this paper.

Send size of finger and address with P.O. to

W. BENNETT, 1, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

BAKER'S NOVELTIES.

THE NEW "ECLIPSE" MODEL STEAM ENGINE.—The rage of the Season. These wonderful Engines work with a real oscillating cylinder (which if purchased by itself cost 1s), strong metal boiler, funnel, large fly wheel, with pulley wheel attached for working other models, furnace, and filler complete. Carriage free 1s. 6d. Smaller size 1s.

Don't miss this grand opportunity.

THE MARVELLOUS "CHAMPION" SLIDE VALVE STEAM ENGINE.—As is no doubt well known, a slide valve cylinder is the most expensive kind made, and in fact our lowest for a slide valve cylinder itself is 7s., yet we now offer a large substantial Engine with powerful boiler, stand, furnace, fly wheel, pulley wheel, governors, metal supports, and slide valve cylinder, complete, 5s. 6d., with whistle, water tap, steam tap, very superior, 10s. 6d. These engines are sufficiently powerful to work all the models sold by us.

THE EXPRESS STEAM LOCOMOTIVE.—A beautifully japanned locomotive, with all brass fittings, dome, whistle, safety valve, starting lever, 6 wheels (all flanged), and two powerful cylinders. Only 10s. 6d., free 11s.

THE "IXION" LOCOMOTIVE STEAM ENGINE.—A splendid locomotive engine on four wheels with funnel, safety valve, dome handrails, starting lever, two powerful cylinders with furnace complete. The cheapest locomotive out. 5s., free 5s. 6d., or with whistle 5s. 6d., free 6s. Without name plate 4s. 6d., free 5s.

THE ECLIPSE ELECTRIC COIL.—We are offering the most wonderful value in Electric Coils for this Season, as special leading lines. Each one guaranteed to work, and to administer good strong shocks. No. 1 Coil is finished complete, and mounted on stand with handles and connecting wires. Price 1s., post free 1s. 3d. No.

2 Coil is a larger and more powerful ditto, better finished, and furnished with brass terminals, and is a very superior article, 2s. 6d., post free 2s. 9d. No. 3 Coil is equal to many charged 10s. 6d. for. This Coil has a regulating handle for increasing or decreasing the strength as required, and is fit for any Drawing Room, Bazaar, Lecture Hall, &c. Price 5s. 6d., post free 6s. No. 4, very handsome large Coil, with reversing motion, 10s. 6d. Any ordinary Bichromate Batteries will work these Coils, and as most people have batteries now-a-days, no further expense is incurred, but if needful, we supply a strong Bichromate Battery suitable for working No. 1 and 2 Coils for 1s. 3d., post free; or a larger ditto for the 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. Coil, for 2s., post free 2s. 4½d. We now give a small Battery free with every Coil sold.

THE ELECTRICAL DANCING NIGGER.—A great curiosity and a wonderful working model. The climax of electrical ingenuity and skill. By means of a powerful Electro Motor and Battery the Nigger will dance on the platform for half-an-hour at a time. A capital window attraction. Nigger, Motor, Battery, Platform, Connecting Wires, and everything complete. Price 3s. 6d., carriage free 3s. 10d.

ELECTRIC MOTORS for working Models, Machinery, &c.—All guaranteed to work, and spendid value for money. A beautiful little Motor on stand complete, only 1s., free 1s. 3d. No. 2 size much larger ditto, better finished and more powerful, with fittings, 2s. 6d., free 2s. 9d. No. 3 size, a really superior and very powerful motor, on polished stand, with brass wheel, brass terminals, and fittings, 5s. 6d., free 6s. Any bichromate battery will work these, or we supply battery for Nos. 1 and 2 Motors for 1s., free 1s. 3d.; and a powerful ditto for No. 3 for 2s., free 2s. 4½d.

Grand Illustrated Novelty Catalogue, 64 pp., 1,000 Illustrations. 1d. stamp.

BAKER & COMPANY, 34, Beech Street, Barbican, London, E.C.

£10,000 IN PRESENTS.

ONE MILLION BEST SILK

HANDKERCHIEFS

1/- ONLY. ONLY 1/-

I must clear my overstock of about one million pure Silk Handkerchiefs, direct from the looms. To do this quickly I will give to each of the first 100,000 postal customers a valuable present; please mention if a lady's or gentleman's prize is required. The Handkerchiefs are of large sizes, and well worth 2s. 6d. each. Suitable for Ladies' or Gentleman's wear. LIGHT, SOFT, WARM, and DURABLE, as only a Silk Handkerchief can be. I have reduced the price for the Special Sale to 1s. each, or 13 stamps; 2 lots for 2s., 6 for 5s., 12 for 9s. 6d. Prize and a free insurance coupon for £100 with each handkerchief.

A Live Testimonial worth a Thousand recommendations from me.

"105, Boundary Lane, Liverpool,
"March 16, 1894.

"Dear Sir,—Sample Handkerchief and present to hand this morning, with which I am both exceedingly pleased and absolutely astounded at the price you are putting them in at. You are worthy of patronage. With all possible despatch please forward me to above address 14 more as follows: 10 Ladies', and 4 Gentlemen's. Enclosed you will find P.O.O.'s as per your quotation, 11s. 6d. Sincerely hoping you may have an extensive sale of the Handkerchiefs.—Yours faithfully, JOHN D. COSTA."

P.O.O.'s payable at Rugby. Letters addressed to

H. BUTCHER, Clifton Mill, Rugby.

PLEASE MENTION THIS MAGAZINE.

HAIR REMOVED permanently, root and branch, without injury to the skin. Particulars on receipt of stamped directed envelope.

G. S. COLLINS, Imperial Mansions, Oxford Street, London, W.C.

MUCH BETTER THAN STEEL AND PENNYROYAL.

OTTEY'S Unlabelled strong FEMALE PILLS Quickly and Certainly remove all obstructions, arising from any cause whatever. Invaluable for married women. Post free, under cover, for 14 and 33 stamps, from—

THOMAS OTTEY, Chemist, Burton-on-Trent.

Please mention this paper.

BLUSHING.

permanently cured. A phamphlet giving sound practical advice, and full particulars of a successful treatment for a rapid, simple, and inexpensive home-cure, forwarded free to all upon receipt of stamped addressed envelope. Prof. F. W. HOLT, Argyll Chambers, West Strand, London.

A Real Boon to Ladies.

TO Especially to those who wish to know of a safe, certain, and speedy remedy for all irregularities and obstructions, a remedy which, under the most trying circumstances and in the most difficult and OBSTINATE CASES, NEVER FAILS TO AFFORD RELIEF, GENERALLY IN A FEW HOURS. LADIES

No case hopeless, failure is simply impossible, as Mrs. Snow, of Denmark Hill, Camberwell, writes:—

"By adopting your treatment my anxiety and misery was over within twenty-four hours, although I had been daily taking pills and other things in vain. Half the quantity you sent proved effective, to my intense joy and surprise.

A sworn guarantee is enclosed with all testimonials and medicine, which is inexpensive, as one bottle at 4s. 6d. (by post, 4s. 9d.) is usually sufficient for any case.

Full particulars will be gladly forwarded to any lady on receipt of addressed envelope.

Write privately to—

Mrs. P. S. S.,

145, STOCKWELL ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

MADAME FRAIN'S

FAMOUS MIXTURE.

The most powerful and effective on earth.

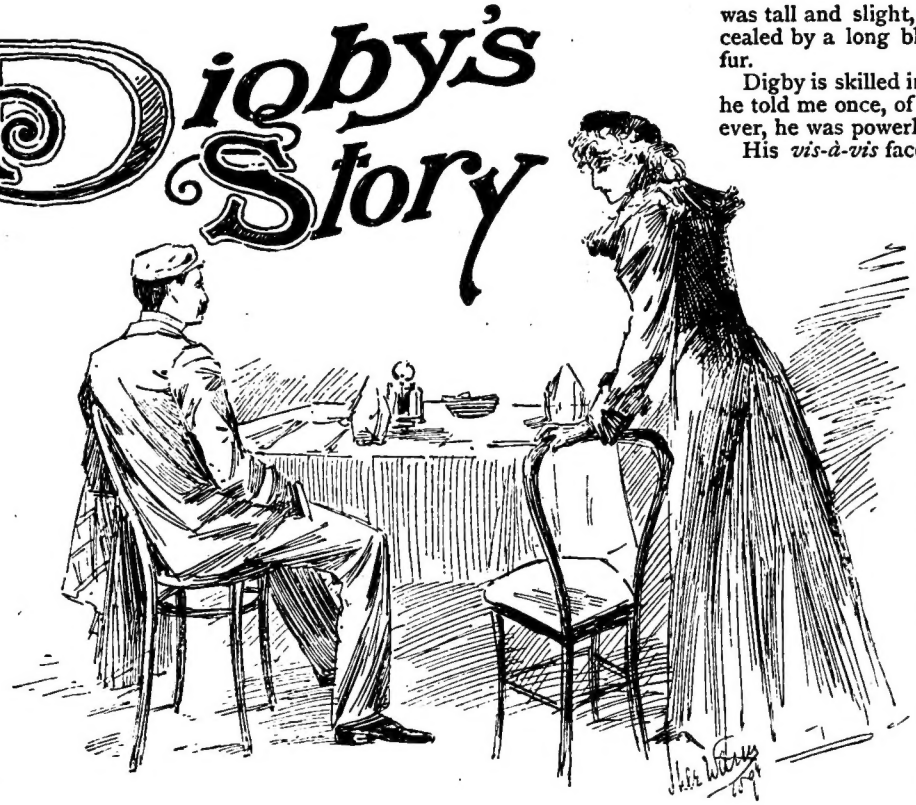
For the most obstinate cases. Will not injure the most delicate. Price 7s. 6d. (Strongest, 11s. per bottle); post free, 6d. extra. HERBAL INSTITUTE, 1a, Hackney Road (opposite Shoreditch Church), London, N.E. Send at once stamped directed envelope for particulars and proofs. I will forfeit £100 for every testimonial that is not genuine, and they can be seen at any time.

SHORT STORIES.

EDITED BY C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

No. 302. *FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 13, 1894.* [PRICE ONE PENNY.

Digby's Story



WE all looked up to Digby as a journalist. He wrote leading articles for the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*. He was also a constant contributor to all the best monthly magazines, or at least he said he was.

Digby's masterpiece was written in collaboration with a woman. The story was drafted supernaturally. It was Sir Arthur Sullivan who said that he always composed his best things while travelling in a train. Digby said this was because music must be written on lines. Digby was a second Sullivan, only he wrote prose with the help of a synonym dictionary. His knowledge of the Muse was limited to two brief terms—Bars and Bass. He used these frequently.

Digby had settled himself down in a first-class carriage on the Paris express, with a complacent, self-satisfied air. Cannes was growing unbearable. He was tired of the dust and the constant glare of the Riviera.

Besides, the prospect of having the compartment to himself as far as Paris was a pleasing one.

At Marseilles the express pulled up. Every one got out. There was a stampede down the platform towards the dining-room. Digby hesitated. If he got out somebody else would be sure to get in. However——

One table was unoccupied near the door. He sat down and ordered soup with a bottle of white wine. There was a rustle of a lady's skirt behind him. The next moment the other seat was taken.

He glanced up and his eyes dwelt appreciatively, if somewhat presumptuously, on his companion's bewildering beauty. She was tall and slight, and her travelling dress was concealed by a long blue ulster turned down with silver fur.

Digby is skilled in physiognomy. It is an attribute, he told me once, of every journalist. For once, however, he was powerless before a human conundrum.

His *vis-à-vis* face was deathly white: her lustrous black eyes met his with a hunted, distrustful look which added to the unaccountable interest her unusual appearance had aroused. He noticed the black circles which emphasised their brilliancy, and the dusty, travel-stained appearance of her dress.

Her golden-brown hair, knotted low down on the graceful curve of her neck, escaped rebelliously from under a round cap of dark fur with such profusion that Digby felt a momentary annoyance that she did not take the opportunity to retire and make herself tidy. Ten minutes before a looking-glass, and he felt she would be one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen. Her features were small and clearly cut; her teeth perfectly white and even.

After the first, half-defiant glance, his strange companion studiously avoided looking across the table, although she was plainly conscious whenever Digby's gaze lighted on her.

The girl's refined face and manners were belied by her uncared-for appearance, and the first thing which struck Digby was that she was a lady, but certainly neither English nor French.

She paid her bill without a word, and then, as she stooped forward and picked out half-a-dozen Turkish cigarettes she gave the first clue to her companion.

"A Russian, of course," commented Digby. He wondered why he had not thought of it before. "A Princess no doubt. A refugee. A Nihilist perhaps——"

A bell rang somewhere in the station. The porters were calling out, "To your carriages; to your carriages." Everybody pushed back their chairs. The Russian lady was without her change, but she did not wait. In an instant the covered way was filled with a jostling crowd. The train appeared to be moving from the platform. For a moment there was a veritable panic among the passengers. Digby made a dash for the nearest carriage. By a stroke of luck he was in his own compartment. Two people followed him. One was an old gentleman with a very red face and white whiskers, who was stout and short of breath; the other the Russian lady.

. . . . . .

Digby wrapped himself in his rugs and took up his book with a sort of mental nod to the outside world with which he had finished for the present. To his vexation, however, the lamp burned dimly and the carriage rocked from one side to the other, making any attempt to read out of the question. He lay back on the cushions watching the beautiful Russian opposite with lazy admiration.

All Rights Reserved.

Digitized by Google

She put her feet up on the cushions.

Her elbow was on the window ledge and she was staring out into the blackness of the night apparently unconscious of all around her.

Digby was a vain man, and the way in which she appeared to totally ignore his existence offended his susceptibilities. If he could have spoken Russian he would have offered her his paper. It was no good to him in that light. However, he could not speak Russian and his French was doubtful.

If ever a woman had a history written on her face this Russian lady had, Digby began to speculate. Here was something at least to relieve the tedium of the journey. Presently, as he watched, a faint smile played about her lips, and she began nodding her head as though well pleased with her own thoughts.

"What a heroine she would make for a story!" thought Digby. With himself as a hero, of course, he meant, although he did not say so in so many words. I believe it was an understood thing that Digby played a prominent part in all the writings signed by that famous name. He disguised himself, of course. He dressed himself in different clothes, and called himself by different names; and he painted his face and tired his hair—but it was always Digby.

There certainly was the foundation for a romantic story here.

Suddenly Digby started out of his lounging posture, and sat up straight and rigid. Surely he was familiar with that exquisite profile! Surely he had met that Russian lady before! Her face haunted him; her wild eyes, draggled hair, dusty but fashionable clothes! He looked round him dazed and bewildered.

Was he recalling some memory of a forgotten past. The white cushions of the carriage seemed inseparable from the recollection; even the old gentleman in the corner, who had thrown his head back and was snoring quietly, was necessary to complete the old association.

While he was pondering on this subject, an idea for a story suddenly flashed across Digby. A story of love and chivalry and pathos. The heroine was a beautiful woman escaping from Justice—the hero a chivalrous young Englishman, and they met on the Paris express. As if by some touch of magic, the story grew in his mind: the action of the brain was more like remembering than creating. What subtle influences were at work? Was this the first breath of genius? Had one soft glance from those black eyes transformed the chaos of his inner consciousness into a master's mind?

Digby assures me on his honour as a gentleman and a journalist that these thoughts actually occurred to him. He also wondered how much an editor would give him for the story. Fancy such a mercenary thought jumbled up with a psychological mystery!

In something less than an hour the story was drafted by some supernatural agency. Digby felt that it was the best thing he had ever done. I don't think this was saying much. He wondered whether the girl opposite would ever come across the story and recognise herself. At all events she would be flattered. Perhaps she would even be sorry, as she laid it down, that she had not paid more attention to the clever writer as they travelled together in the train. As far as he could tell she had not looked at him once since they sat face to face at the little dining table.

Digby felt as if he ought to thank her for supplying him with such a thrilling plot. He felt the inspiration had in some mysterious way been animated by her presence. Perhaps she had mesmerised him—only their eyes had never met.

Just then he turned and looked out of the window. He told me later that what he discovered was the softest piece of flattery that had ever brought the colour to his cheeks.

The girl was staring at *his* reflection in the window mirrored by the blackness of the night. No wonder she had been so interested. If the old gentleman in the corner had looked up after that, he would have seen two young people staring out of their respective windows, apparently unconscious of one another's existence.

"Gad, that girl's a genius," Digby reflected.

Half-an-hour later, the Russian lady smiled at the flying landscape, shrouded as it was in blackness. Digby smiled too.

The old gentleman woke up, and immediately settled himself down again for another nap. The train pulled up at a station. A porter opened the door and replaced the foot-warmers. A blast of cold air came in. Digby shivered. They were passing from summer to winter.

Presently the Russian lady removed her cap, and pushed back her hair from her forehead. Digby thought that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

She put up her feet on the cushions and seemed disposed to follow the old gentleman's example. The window was frosted now, and no longer reflected anything. For his own part Digby was annoyed at the inclemency of the weather.

Suddenly there was a loud report. The window was shattered to atoms, and a rain of shot beat against the opposite side of the carriage. If she had been sitting up she must have been killed. The escape was providential. The carriage was filled with broken scraps of glass. The old gentleman sat up with a start. The train rushed on, enveloped in a white mist.

. . . . . .

Three days after he came back from the Riviera I was smoking in Digby's rooms.

"I've sent that story round to *Fly Leaves* office," he said, rubbing his shoulders softly against the mantelpiece. "I wonder what Kendal will think of it?"

"Did you bring in the shooting incident?" I queried.

Digby left the mantelpiece and settled himself on the sofa.

"When truth is stranger than fiction, why not?" he asked, staring down at the fire. "I had mapped out a pretty story, but nothing so artistic as this bold attempt on the Russian girl, as she dashed by in the night when no power on earth could mark the hand that tried to steal her life."

When Digby begins to talk like that I always go. There are some kinds of insanity which are best treated in this way. I could not refrain from putting one question to him, however.

"What happened afterwards?"

"We changed carriages at the next station, and after that she slept as quietly as if nothing had happened until we arrived at

Digitized by Google

Paris. I saw her having breakfast. I met her again at Calais: we travelled over in the same boat without speaking a word to one another, although she sometimes looked at me and smiled gratefully for any little attention I paid her. At Victoria, I was determined to make her acquaintance through Cook's interpreter. When I found him she was gone."

Digby broke off abruptly. I could not help feeling sorry for him. What is the good of a hero when the heroine has disappeared?

. . . . . .

A fortnight slipped by, and one morning I met Digby in Regent Street. He appeared very excited.

"Digby, old man," I asked, "what's the matter?"

"Matter? Read this!"

He put a letter in my hand which was signed by Mr. Kendal, the editor of *Fly Leaves*.

"DEAR SIR,—I should esteem it a favour if you would call on me at the office some time to-morrow. Your story—if I may be allowed to say so—is one of the best I have ever considered for insertion in my periodical. By some strange coincidence, however, the same story reached me from a different source two days previously. I feel sure that you will consider that I am only justified in asking for an explanation of the coincidence, as I understood that the story was original.—Yours,

"T. H. KENDAL."

"Sell for you, Digby," I said, folding up the letter and handing it back to him. "Jolly well serves you right. I thought the story was too good to have come from your inner consciousness. It was a translation, I suppose——"

I looked up at Digby. He was leaning against a lamp-post as white as death. Before I had time to realise what he was about to do he had sprung forward and hit me across the face.

He had sprung forward and hit me across the face.

"How dare you?" he shouted. "You coward!"

For a moment I hesitated, the blood mounting to my cheeks and forehead. Then I held out my hand.

"I beg your pardon, Digby. I didn't know——"

"It's for me to apologise," he said quickly, taking my hand with a sharp, indrawn breath. "I don't wonder that you thought badly of me. I was dumfounded myself when I received this letter. I accused myself. I ransacked my memory for some old story I might unconsciously have plagiarised. But I am innocent. I swear I am innocent. It is my story—my masterpiece!" and he turned away and began walking quickly down the street, his hat a little further back, his umbrella tightly clutched, his whole body vibrating.

. . . . . .

He presented himself at the office with a clear conscience, but positively without a suggestion to offer for the coincidence.

The editor leant back in his chair and regarded him curiously.

"Where did you get your plot from?" he asked, rubbing his fat hands together, and spreading the manuscript out by the side of another in a running feminine hand which was opened on his desk.

"It is entirely a work of imagination; the characters are from real life. One incident in the story alone is taken from an experience which I went through myself."

"I must accept your word for it, of course, Mr. Digby," said the editor rather rudely. "Only"—he got up and began pacing up and down the room with quick short strides—"the affair is—ahem! so extraordinary, that I think you will understand me when I say that I can hardly bring myself to believe that you are not—ahem!—mistaken. The coincidence is not merely in the plot," he continued, seating himself nervously in his great morocco chair and throwing one leg across the other. "The title, in both instances, is word for word, the two principal actors have the same name, the scene is identical, the ending simultaneous, so to speak."

Digby was hardly able to control himself. He was breathing hard and twisting his fingers together.

"Practically, the only difference in the two stories is that the hero and the heroine are reversed. In your novel the lady is escaping from the hands of Justice—in the other the man—hullo! What's that? Excuse me one minute, Mr. Digby," and the presiding genius of the most popular magazine of the day darted out of the room in answer to a whispered communication through the speaking tube.

Digby felt as if he was taking leave of his senses. He paced up and down the room, to and fro, to and fro.

"It is my story," he repeated vaguely, "my masterpiece."

There was a knock at the door, and someone entered rather timidly.

"Monsieur Sardou!—I beg your pardon—I thought Mr. Kendal was disengaged."

Digby swung round. There, standing face to face with him, was the heroine of his story—the Russian princess.

As their eyes met, a faint flush swept across her beautiful cheeks and suffused her neck.

Her companion felt his heart beating wildly. He stared at her quite breathless, and his face convulsed.

"Can you speak English?" he faltered. "I thought——"

The girl had quite recovered her self-possession. She lifted a little heap of proofs from a chair and seated herself, drawing off her gloves in a mechanical way.

"Speak English? Of course, it is my native tongue," with a little nervous laugh, "but you—I thought Monsieur Sardou only spoke French."

"Monsieur Sardou! My name is Digby!"

The girl's face underwent an extraordinary change, the smile died from her lips, her eyebrows contracted in evident perplexity.

Digitized by Google

Sardou was a Frenchman, banished for political intrigue, and a murderer to boot, who was practically running the gauntlet of the police force of the world. She had heard one person at Marseilles whisper to another—

"See! There is Sardou! Heavens, what nerve the man has got!"

In an instant her interest was aroused. She had been thrilled by his presence, awed by his daring. As a journalist who had been six months in Russia as the special correspondent of the *Morning News*, she would have given her head to interview him there and then, only she could not speak French. And after all, the little romance she had built up was scattered to the winds!

"You are not Sardou?" she repeated incredulously, bending forward and looking at him curiously.

"Good heavens! Nothing of the sort."

There was a moment's silence, and then the girl rose and held out her hand.

"I feel I ought to apologise for mistaking you for that wretch. I ought to have known better. May I ask why you thought that I could not speak English?"

If Digby had been a truthful man he would have said:

"Because you were so disreputably untidy." His journalistic training, however, saved him from this.

"Because I thought that only a Russian could be so beautiful," he said, holding her hand perhaps a trifle longer than was absolutely necessary. "And—well, you know, only the new woman smokes cigarettes."

"It never occurred to you, I suppose, that those were for the porter who was looking after my luggage."

Digby honestly confessed that it had not.

Devoid of the glamour their imaginations had thrown over two very ordinary young people, they both felt disappointed, or, as Digby explained to me later: "Like a man going home at nine o'clock in the morning, in his dress clothes, after a night out."

"Then, I suppose that gun was not fired purposely at you?" remarked Digby sadly, leaning against the desk and gnawing his fingers.

"Nor at you? It's rather sickening, isn't it. To tell you the truth, I've written a story——"

Seizing her hand, and shaking it up and down.

Digby sprang forward, the colour burning high on his cheeks.

"Thank heaven!" he exclaimed earnestly. "I thought I was going mad."

She rose to her feet feeling that something was going to happen. Her legs swayed slightly.

They looked thunderstruck at one another.

"What do you mean?"

"Mean?" Digby shouted, seizing her by the hand, and shaking it up and down, as if he had known her all her life. "Why, I've written a story, too. And they are both here—here on this desk," and he sank down in a chair.

Presently he looked up.

"You called your story

'IN THE PARIS EXPRESS;
THE ADVENTURE OF A FAMOUS REFUGEE'?"

She made the sign "yes," nodding her head.

"And you got your hero's name from——"

"The label on your bag!"

"Great heavens! So did I. But the main incidents of the plot——"

"They unrolled themselves as we went along. The whole thing came to me like a flash."

"Ah, then it was mesmerism! The story was floating in the air. We both got it simultaneously."

. . . . . .

"The question is," observed Mr. Kendal, looking from one to the other, and tapping his teeth with an ivory penknife, "whose story is it?"

"Miss——?"

"Miss Tionary."

"Miss Tionary's, of course," said Digby gallantly. "If it had not been for her it would never have been written. Besides, I plagiarised from her by the force of a stronger will."

Miss Tionary laughed.

"How do you know? Possibly, I stole it from you. What a psychological conundrum!"

Mr. Kendal got up nervously.

"Perhaps," he said, taking up the two manuscripts, "if I might be allowed to suggest that you should collaborate and make a novel of it. The truth is, Mr. Digby has made the most of his heroine—Miss Tionary of her hero. Put them both together, and you will have such a story as has never before been published."

Digby looked at his "Russian Princess," and she looked at him and smiled consent. Then they both went off with each other's manuscript under their arms with an agreement to meet in a week's time and talk the matter over.

Three days later I found Digby, with a dangerous gleam in his eye, composing the following letter:

"DEAR MISS TIONARY,—On reading through your story I do not see that anything could be taken from it with the idea of improving my original plot. If such an insufferable prig as you have succeeded in depicting is your idea of a hero, I can only regret that anything about me should have been the means of suggesting his character to you.
—Yours truly, A. S. D."

The following morning he received a note from Miss Tionary, which had evidently crossed his own:

"DEAR MR. DIGBY,—The similarity between our two stories is really wonderful, only mine is better as it stands, don't you think, without any alterations? Your idea of a heroine shows how very little you really understand a woman, and I am sorry that I should have been the means of suggesting to your mind a woman at once so passionate and so weak. I may not be anything very grand, but I do flatter myself I am not quite so insipid and colourless as you make out. Perhaps we had better not collaborate. Shall I destroy your MSS.?—Yours faithfully,
"H. H. T."

. . . . . .

Of course I could not allow this sort of thing to go on. I suggested to Digby that it would certainly be better for each to write about themselves and leave the other out. Perhaps, after marriage they might understand one another better, and, by Jove! they took the hint.

The papers were silent about the shot which was fired at the Russian princess. It never seemed possible to me that it could have been premeditated. Probably some belated sportsman after little birds, or—but what is the use of conjecture?

Digitized by Google

THE BARONESS ROSA VITA.

IN the Rue St. Marc, in the centre of the business quarter of Paris, may be found, niched in amongst lofty tenement houses where hundreds of small manufacturers carry on their occupations, a small, two-storey house, dingy and black with age, yet not devoid of a certain picturesqueness due to its antiquity and to its tumble-down condition.

It was pretty to look at in the spring, when the moss on the dilapidated roof was fresh and green, and there was a bouquet of crocuses or of violets at the window. And at all seasons there were clean curtains everywhere, for the grave old maid who lived there, all alone with her young niece Denise, was as neat and particular in her ways as anyone could be.

She was a native of Normandy, was the older woman, Marthe Durand, but she had lived so long in Paris that few of her acquaintances were aware of the fact that she had been born near Etretat, and that her earliest recollections were of the sound and the salt breezes of the grand, vast sea. She was an embroideress, and a skilful workwoman, so her services were in great request amongst the leading dressmakers.

Like Marthe, Denise was tall and slender, but her complexion had the pure white and delicate rosiness of the natives of a northern clime, and her features, though attenuated, were finely outlined, and had a stamp of distinction unknown to the severe countenance of the older woman.

A slight degree of mystery had always hung round Denise's origin. The older members of the quarter could remember her advent, fifteen years before, and how she had been brought to her aunt's house, gorgeous in velvet and embroidery, in charge of a servant in livery.

But Marthe Durand was the most taciturn of human beings. There was a dignity about her that repelled all efforts at questioning or even at gossip, so the parentage and origin of Denise remained enveloped in an impenetrable mystery.

The pretty child grew into a graceful girlhood, as carefully guarded and tended as the daughter of the highest lady of the land. She was the one creature on earth that had been given to Marthe to love, and the grave, quiet woman adored her with a deep and exclusive and all-absorbing tenderness which seemed to concentrate in itself all the affection that a woman usually bestows on her husband and her children.

Of relatives Marthe apparently had none. There was talk of a sister much younger than herself, who had taken to evil courses many years before, but those who knew anything of the matter always declared that that sister was dead. At all events, no visitors ever came to disturb the quiet course of life in the little house on the Rue St. Marc.

Denise was educated in a convent in the neighbourhood till she was past fifteen, and then her aunt took her home to teach her her own trade of embroidering. It was delicate, refined work, fit for the dainty fingers of the little maiden, and she made rapid progress, promising in time not only to equal, but even to surpass, her instructor.

It was a bright, cold Saturday afternoon in January, and the little sitting-room, despite a sprinkling of snow outside—the remains of a recent snowstorm—looked cheery and comfortable. A movable stove—a recent extravagance on the part of Marthe, who could not bear to see her darling shiver over her work on the sharp winter mornings—tempered the air with its genial warmth. Denise had just completed a splendid group of white and purple lilacs, worked on mauve satin, and was holding up her work to admire it prior to folding it up for transmission to its owner, and Marthe was bustling about setting the room to rights, when there came a knock at the door.

And without further waiting for anyone to open, the door was thrown ajar, and a superbly-dressed personage walked in, and said, in a loud, confident tone:

"Good day to everybody!"

The new-comer was tall and stout, and showy-looking—a woman not yet past middle age, but showing in face and figure the damaging effects of a life of dissipation.

The profuse masses of her elaborately-arranged locks were of a pale-canary hue, produced evidently by the application of some fashionable dye. Her cheeks were pink, and her brow and throat were white, and her lips were scarlet—not with the wholesome colouring of Nature, but through the skilled use of rouge, pearl-white, and lip-salve.

Deep bluish shadows under her eyes served to throw out their natural lustre and colouring. But her features were fine, and her walk and carriage were striking; and, above all, her dress was a model of fashionable material and elegance and stylish make, and she wore it with the ease of one who understands how to set off such attire.

Marthe paused in her occupation, and stared at the new-comer with such an expression of ghastly terror as her face might have worn had her showy visitor been a ghost, while Denise laid aside her work and hastened to bring forward a chair.

Private orders for embroideries had not been unknown to the busy aunt and niece, and were always welcomed as being more lucrative than those received from the great dressmaking establishments, and Denise fancied that in the intruder she recognised a possible customer.

"Well, Marthe, you don't seem to recognise me," said the visitor, seating herself. "Lord! woman, how old you've grown! And this is Denise, I suppose. Come here, child, and let me look at you. Upon my word, you have grown into a pretty creature. Not equal to what I was at your age, but still not bad to have been trained up by a workwoman."

"Catherine, what brings you here?" were the first words that burst from the pale lips of Marthe.

"Hush! Don't call me Catherine—the Baroness Rosa Vita, if you please. I have not answered to the name of Catherine for many a long day. You might be a little more civil, I think, to your only sister, when she comes to see you after all these years."

"But what do you want? Why are you here at all?"

"What do I want? I want my daughter, *parbleu!* and I have come to claim her!"

Marthe started forward with a hoarse cry.

"No—no! You cannot—you must not do that! When I consented to take charge of Denise, fifteen years ago, you promised me——"

"Ta-ta-ta! What are promises worth unless they are written on stamped paper and duly witnessed? Not so much as the stale crust on last week's pies. Come here, Denise, and give your mother a kiss."

And she carefully presented her right ear to the caress of the eager girl.

"Mother! So you are really my mother?" stammered Denise, longing to clasp in her arms the stout, strongly-corseted figure before her.

"Really and truly, little one. Not a good name for you, that, I must confess, so tall as you have grown. But you are fresh and childish enough to do the baby to perfection, and that is what I want."

She put her head on one side and contemplated Denise critically, and went on:

"Yes, in a straight dress of white tulle, open at the throat,

Digitized by Google

and a Directoire sash in white crape, you'll just look a picture. I never could wear Directoire sashes myself—too stout, my dressmaker says. And to think that when I was your age, Denise, I was as slight as you are now! And do you think you will like to come and live with mamma, little one?"

"Oh, yes—yes!" cried Denise, drawing closer to this unknown and gorgeous being who declared herself to be her mother.

"You'll have a fine time of it, mademoiselle, I'll promise you. Lots of new dresses, and drives in the Bois, and boxes at all the theatres, and dances and *soirées*. And all you'll have to do in return will be to sit in my drawing-room in the evening and smile prettily at my visitors. When will you be ready to go with me? No need of packing up; none of the clothes you have here will be wanted. Come along, child. Don't stand staring there, but wrap yourself up, and we'll get into my carriage and drive straight off to the dressmaker's."

During this time Marthe had sat motionless, as though stunned, with a grey shadow like that of death resting upon her rigid features. But at that moment she started up and caught the speaker by the arm.

"Catherine! Catherine!" she said, "you must not—you cannot be so wicked! What! take Denise from me; and for what purpose! The innocent child whose life has been as pure as a snowflake. Oh, Lord! have you no pity on your own flesh and blood?"

"Now, look here, Marthe," said her sister, disengaging her arm, "no heroics, if you please. The law gives me full rights over the girl, and I mean to use them. Look here! I have a baccarat table in my drawing-room on my Thursday evenings, and so far the police have been kept in the dark about the big amounts that have been won and lost there. But my visitors are dropping off.

"Tatia Topaze has set up a rival gaming-table, and she is newer than I, though not so pretty as I was ten years ago. But I want a new attraction for my *soirées*—something pretty and unsophisticated—and Denise here is just the thing."

"You shall not take her—no, no; you shall not!" ranted the elder woman, her face white to the very lips.

"I shan't, shan't I? I'll soon see to that. You idiot of a woman, don't you know that the law gives me full control over my own daughter till she is of age? Yes, you adopted her, that's true, but altogether informally—not so much as a scratch of the pen to prove it or to give you a hold over her. And I want her now, and I mean to have her. Run alone, Denise, and get your cloak. Or, no—I'll lend you my carriage cloak till we can drive to the Bon Marché and buy you something."

With an exclamation of delight, Denise started to obey her mother's order; but Marthe, regaining her composure by a strong effort, interposed to prevent her.

"Not this evening—not just now," she said in a calmer tone. "You have the law on your side, Catherine, and I'll submit. Only let Denise stay with me till to-morrow. Remember, she has been like my own child to me all these years, and it is not much I ask—only a few hours in which to get used to the fact that I must part with her."

The girl, sweet and loving even amid the dazzle of her changed circumstances, stole to the side of Marthe, and threw her arms round her neck.

"Let it be as auntie says, mamma," she said coaxingly. "Leave me with her now, and come for me to-morrow morning."

"Well, perhaps that would be better," said the so-called baroness reflectively. "I can bring you a dress and hat, and have you trimmed up a little before we start out together. I don't exactly like the idea of driving about the streets with a girl in a calico frock and no hat on. So you can keep Denise till to-morrow morning, Marthe. I will call for her at eleven o'clock. And mind—there will be no use in your trying to spirit her away. I'll have a detective on the watch till I get back."

"No need, mamma," laughed the girl joyously. "I would not run away from you, even if auntie bade me."

"Then be ready at eleven, and take care to have your hair nicely brushed. I'll see to the rest." And the baroness left.

As the outer door closed behind the retreating footsteps of the visitor, Marthe raised her head and looked at Denise with a dull, stony stare, which the girl, flushed with excitement, did not notice.

"Oh, auntie, was there ever anything so wonderful in the world? My mamma! my own mother! and a baroness! And how many pretty things I shall have, and what a charming life I am going to lead! Drives and parties and the theatre, and, perhaps, even the opera! Do you think she will take me to the opera, auntie? But why do you look so downcast? You are not going to lose your little Denise—not really, you know.

"I shall come to visit you every day or two, and you must come and see all my new dresses. And I shall have so much to tell you. I really wanted to stay quiet this evening, just to think it all over. But where has my mother been all these years, and why did she never come for me before?"

"Be patient, Denise. To-morrow you shall know everything. It is growing late now, and we must think about dinner. It must be a little feast, as it is the last one we shall take together. Come, and we will go out and buy something nice."

The plain little deal table in Marthe Durand's living room had never before seen such a banquet as that set out upon it that evening—chicken and canned asparagus, and great hot-house strawberries and bonbons, and even a small bottle of champagne being included in the repast.

Denise, gay as a lark in the delight of her brilliant anticipations, laughed and chattered and feasted, until, when dinner was ended, and the dishes put away, she declared merrily that she felt too fatigued to sit up for another minute.

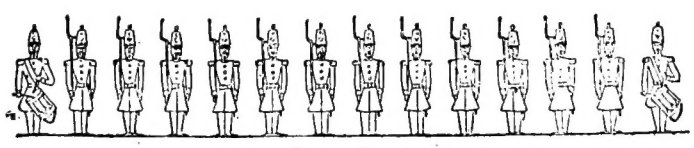
"May I have the movable stove in my room to undress by, Aunt Marthe?" she inquired. "It is so very cold, and you know this is my last evening, so you must pet me all that you can."

Without a word her aunt helped her to roll the stove into the bedroom, and to place it in the fireplace, with its pipe well installed in the chimney. A hurried undressing and a brief murmur of prayer, and then the fair young face lay back on the pillow in the sweet dreamless sleep of healthy youth. Marthe stole noiselessly to the bedside and gazed on the sleeping girl with a glance of unutterable love and anguish.

"There is but one way," she muttered. "My Denise, my sweet little one, and I must choose for you between death and eternal destruction. Your pure feet shall never tread the downward road that leads to everlasting fire. As for me, I am to stand before the Judgment Seat a murderess and a suicide. But what need I care for that? Let Hell be mine so that you may have Paradise and peace with the angels. I snatch you, my white lily, from the mire that is at hand. Sleep, Denise, sleep, and awake to-morrow in heaven!"

She laid her strong hands on the portable stove and turned it round, so that the full flow of death-dealing gas from the pipe might escape into the apartment. Then she crept into bed beside Denise, gathered the sleeping girl tenderly into her arms, and the golden head and the grey were pillowed side by side.

Once or twice a light spasm contracted the features of the older woman, but that passed away after a while, and the pair soon lay in the silence of a slumber that never should be broken till the dawn of the resurrection morning.



Digitized by Google

THE FATAL DICE-BOX.

IT was night in the Sierra Madre of Mexico, and I swung in a hammock under the wide portico of a rude building, my home for the time being, known as the Hacienda de Carmen, although not worthy of the name; so called, however, by the people of the camp, who dreamed, as myself, of the future of reduction works and numerous buildings to be erected from the proceeds of the white metal that we were gouging so slowly from the rocky fastnesses of Nature.

The house, built on a precipitous bluff that rose abruptly from the bed of the cañon, rested on the extreme edge and commanded a view down the wild, rocky gorge that stretched away some two miles to a small, mountain-hemmed valley lying thousands of feet below.

At the foot of the bluff a mountain stream rushed and bounded round and over boulders of gigantic size, and then fell gently in cascade after cascade into some deep, still pool, only to break away and wind on down the cañon in its mad rush for the sea, seeming, in the glimmer of the moonlight, like some enormous silver snake.

With the music of the waters came the soughing of the pines, as the cool evening breeze swept gently up from the valley, bringing also a murmur of voices from the camp far below, and the shrill creaking of the whim as it revolved at the mouth of the shaft on the mountain side, where, in the glare of a pine wood fire, the dusky forms of the men could be seen as they tramped round and round, slowly winding on a massive drum a seemingly endless rope from the bowels of the earth. And as my hammock gently swayed I smoked, when—

"Buenos noche, Señor!" And I was called back to reality with a start, to find my foreman, Miguel Soza, with the report and time of the men for the day. After the accounts had been looked over, and I was about to start on another visionary excursion up the Nile, Miguel, who had been for the past few moments leaning against the house and looking down on the camp, removed the inevitable cigarette from his lips and said:

"Caramba, Señor! there is the devil to pay down in the camp. Señora Fernandez, the widow, is wild, Señor; crazy about her pretty daughter, Mariquita, and that Indian chief Romulo, who was seen with her again to-day on the mountain. Chief! Yes, chief of the Tepewanes, but where are his people? Dead; gone all but a handful; and he is so poor, Señor—no maize, no frijoles, and he too proud to work.

"Valgame Dios! It was a sad day for Mariquita when she first went to mass at the little church in Baborigame, nearly three months ago. And, Señor, it was there they first saw each other, and then he followed her here; and to think, Señor, she has been meeting him again after her mother locked her up for a whole week, and gave her nothing to eat but a plate of frijoles and two tortillas each day! And to-night, Señor, she cannot be found; she is not in the camp, and the mother—caramba! Listen, 'tis Mariquita."

And from the trail on the side of the cañon came the strains of a Spanish love song, sung in a sweet, rich girlish voice, accompanied by a guitar. The song swelled out upon the stillness of the night for a moment only, and then was broken by a woman's voice from the camp below:

"Mariquita! Mariquita! picarona, come here! Oh, God of my soul, that I should bring a daughter into the world to love a dog of an Indio! Valgame Dios! but a husband thou shalt have this night—ay, one that can give thy mother one hundred pesos shalt have thee."

"Carrajo, Señor!" said Miguel. "The old devil will sell her daughter. Well, well, I have seen it done before; but Señor, the man—the man—there is no one in the camp—caramba! One hundred pesos! No, Señor, no one man has that much. Los todos muy pobre Dios! Will she raffle her?"

As he ceased speaking a woman's voice wailed out:

"Romulo! Romulo! Love of my soul! Save!" And as we listened from across the cañon came the echo, "Save!"

. . . . . .

Opposite the door stood Mariquita.

I approached the house, a long, sprawling building constructed of poles plastered with mud, and a few Indians gathered round the door made way, with the sordid indifference so peculiar to the race, and I entered a room lighted by two crude tallow candles stuck into the necks of bottles that rested on a small shelf.

A table and a few chairs comprised the furniture, while the walls were void of ornaments of any kind, with the exception of a cheap, highly coloured print of the Madonna, and a rudely carved crucifix hanging above.

Grouped round were some twenty men and women engaged in boisterous conversation, while in a corner opposite the door stood Mariquita, a girl of about sixteen, tall and beautiful, and possessing that languid grace which belongs only to the women of the South. Her dress, a gown of soft material, bright red in colour, had become deranged, and, opening at the bosom, exposed a white chemise that only partly concealed her heaving breast; a wealth of dark hair fell in disorder far below her waist, and from a face oval in shape, and of rich, creamy complexion, flashed eyes black as night.

Her lips, carmine tinted, parted and showed little white teeth, grinding together in anger, as she stood, a child and yet a woman, receiving with silent scorn the storm of abuse which her mother poured forth in a perfect torrent of language.

As I reached the woman I asked her if she really intended to raffle her daughter—for such, from the conversation, I judged to be her purpose.

"Si, Señor—why not? Do I not find her a husband she will go with that *diablo* of an Indian, and I will lose her for ever. No man here has one

Digitized by Google

hundred pesos, and I am poor. Raffle her! Yes, why not? True, the priest will not be at Baborigame for three months, but what matter? She can marry then; it will be all the same."

In the meantime five of the miners had managed to obtain twenty pesos each, which they were anxious to risk for the purchase of Mariquita, and the money being handed over to the widow the dice-box was produced, and on the table that had been drawn into the centre of the room the throwing began.

The first man to throw was Carlos Mendoza, a tall, swarthy-looking Mexican, who stood wrapped in a *serape* of orange and purple. His immense sombrero, resting on the back of his head, allowed a mop of coarse black hair to fall over his low forehead into his eyes. Raising the box, he brushed the hair aside, and after slowly rattling the dice threw in silence —sixteen; again the dice rattled—thirteen; and again—seventeen; forty-six in all.

A murmur of applause from the spectators, and Mendoza turned toward Mariquita, but something in her look quailed him, and with a low laugh he turned to watch the throwing of his opponents.

The box passed from one to the other without avail, and was now in the hands of the last thrower. Slowly he shook the dice, and then threw—seventeen; again—eighteen. The excitement was now intense; and in the silence broken only by the heavy breathing of the onlookers, and a muttered curse from Mendoza as he drew his sombrero down over his eyes, the last throw was made; the box was lifted—two fours and an ace.

Mendoza won, and with a glad cry he sprang toward Mariquita, but before he could reach her there was a rush through the door, an arm passed round his neck and pressed his body slowly back; a flash of steel—a groan—again a flash of steel and the arm descended, and Carlos Mendoza was dead on the floor.

And there, with the knife still grasped in his hand, Romulo, the Indian, stood like a statue of bronze, naked but for a breechcloth; his limbs like polished mahogany and his eyes flashing fire from under his heavy dark hair that fell to his shoulders.

For one moment he stood; then there was a flash, the report of a revolver, and Romulo tottered and sank to the floor, his back resting against the wall.

With a cry of anguish Mariquita threw herself on her knees beside him, and, while the tears coursed down her cheeks, she wiped away with her dress the blood that flowed from his lips, and besought him to speak to her.

"Romulo! Romulo! Caro mio! Esposa mio! Speak to me! God in heaven! tell me you are not hurt! Romulo! Speak just one little word to Mariquita! Oh, God of my soul, don't let him die!" And as Romulo looked into her eyes and tried to speak, a tremor passed over him, and the blood flowed again from his lips.

With a heart-rending cry Mariquita was on his breast, with her arms round his neck. "Romulo, my life, if thou must go, take me, too!"

With a superhuman effort the Indian raised himself, clasped her close with one arm, the other raised, and the steel flashed for the third time, and their souls passed into eternity together.

. . . . . .

Romulo and Mariquita rest in the same grave on the cañon side beneath the pines, and a white stone cross marks the spot to this day.

A GUILTLESS MURDERER.

HIS is the story of a madman. It was told by Geoffrey Coombs, an insane chemist, who lives in a dilapidated house-boat up the river. He is so old that his pulse beats only forty times a minute. His skin is shrivelled, and his voice is tremulous. The cloud which hangs over his mind is the memory of a woman who never existed, and remorse for a deed that was never committed.

. . . . . .

"My name is Geoffrey Coombs. I am a descendant of a race of people who were civilised before other races were born. The ignorant, confident in their own knowledge, unhesitatingly assert that that which does not exist, and has not existed, cannot exist. My people have known strange secrets which have been transmitted from generation to generation.

"I am a gipsy. The stars in the heavens or the lines upon the palms of your hands are open books to me. Only once have I called upon the 'Spirit of the Nile' to assist me without meeting a prompt response.

"We are called vagabonds because we do no manual labour. We do not work in order that we may study. Books teach us nothing that someone else does not know; but in the scrolls of parchment I learned the secret of human life.

"When I left my people I began to search for the vital principle, which is the same in all forms of animal life. What cared I where my houseboat floated, so long as I had the precious treasure of knowledge before me! I travelled up and down the river.

"So familiar did I become with the parts of a human being that I could analyse them and separate the ingredients. Finally I resolved to create a woman. It seemed to me that having discovered the 'vital spark,' and being able to construct the body, I would have no difficulty in making a human being.

"The idea at first amazed me, and then I was irresistibly attracted by it. I determined to attempt the experiment. It would be useless to detail how long I worked before I obtained my materials. The number of graves I desecrated and the parts of dead bodies that I took from them at night-time and carried off to my boat are of no relevancy in this plain narrative.

"At the end of two years I had secured the various component parts which go to make up a human being.

. . . . . .

"Day after day I worked at my task. I wonder now God Almighty did not, with a bolt from heaven, strike dead the man who was trying to profane His handiwork.

"We gipsies believe in a God, notwithstanding the many assertions to the contrary. I learned to love the object on which I was working. After the lapse of another year there lay before me one of the most beautiful creatures that mortal eye ever gazed upon.

"The eyes half closed, seemed like those of a picture watching me constantly, awaiting the time when I should add the potion which would animate this human clay with the breath of life, and a willing slave would awaken at my bidding.

"Impatiently I awaited the time when the decoction necessary to complete the process would be ready. For days and nights I did not sleep, but sat gazing on the beautiful

Digitized by Google

vision of loveliness. The love which a father cherishes for his child and the affection of a lover for his mistress were combined in one. It was no longer a question of the triumph of science with me, but it was a problem of life and death.

. . . . . .

"At last all was ready. The signs were propitious, and the potion was prepared. I trembled with the awful responsibility which I was about to incur. My hands shook like those of a man with the ague, and my brain seemed intoxicated with the excitement of the moment. I imagined that the whole world was watching my experiment. I felt that failure was worse than a thousand deaths. I was trembling violently when I moistened her lips with the liquid. No sign was visible, and in my haste I poured all the contents of the phial down her throat.

"My heart palpitated, and each beat seemed to be a cry of exultation. The room was illuminated; but suddenly a flame, which shot forth from the couch, lighted up the waters on each side of the boat with a terrible splendour. Then all was dark again. The pall which overspread us seemed so complete that I fancied I was suddenly stricken blind.

"Then there burst upon my vision the most beautiful sight ever vouchsafed to human being. I had summoned from his high retreat the Angel of Life, and the radiance from his crown reflected on every side.

"He stayed but a moment, but when he was gone a living breathing creature made after my own design stood before me. She was supernaturally beautiful, with a nameless grace, half human and half divine. In the ecstasy of my triumph I danced and shouted like a gratified child. This creature knew no law except my will.

"Ignorance in its most attractive form was typified in her. The cares of the world would never trouble her because she could not comprehend them, and I was far too wise to teach them to her. Intuitively she seemed to know all that was purest and best, but the commonplace details of the sordid existence of human kind was a sealed book.

"The days passed in the most perfect happiness granted to mortal man. I cared neither for the past nor for the future, for the present was a bliss which could compensate for anything that could take place thereafter.

. . . .

"But for a fatal mistake, which was the result of my own carelessness, I might now have been the companion of a being created by myself, and baptized in the divine elixir, instead of the grovelling thing that I am.

"The formula directed that, at the lapse of a certain time, I should cause to be observed certain rules. My belief in my own powers was so great, and my vanity so exaggerated, that I thought I could with impunity disobey the magnates who not only rule but who created the world.

"Selfish as I was, I neglected to do as I was bidden, and blasted my happiness like a winter's wind falling upon some saucy violet that had dared to rear its head in defiance to the snows.

"We were sitting on the verandah of the boat. The day was ended, and the glory of the setting sun seemed typical to me of the happiness of my life. Suddenly I observed a change in her. I was at her side in an instant, but she was in the throes of a convulsion against which the amulets from the heart of Cheops were unavailing.

"I watched her tenderly until it was over. Her face was as fair as usual, but there was a change. So subtle at first that I scarcely noticed it, but in the days that followed I learned that the heart of her whom I loved had been changed into the heart of a man.

"She was still a woman, but she had a man's heart and a man's ambitions. The entity which composed her being remained the same save for this change. When the realisation of this terrible thing came upon me, I loathed her.

"Measured by the strict standard of beauty, she was still a Venus, but I knew that within that lovely form there was the heart of man. Whether it was a black and treacherous one, or was as manly and honourable as that of the most just man that ever lived, was immaterial to me.

"Daily my hate grew more bitter. I tried to control myself and to remain the same, but the consciousness of the terrible thing gained a mastery over me. The same desire to kill her that induces one to kill a snake came over me. I could not sleep, and when my last experiment had been tried in vain, I fell upon her with a huge knife, cut her in pieces, and threw her into the river.

"It was murder, but I could not help doing what I did. For a time I was happy, and then a dull pain in my head began to trouble me. Now all the fiends of remorse hover about my couch at night-time, and sit by my side during the day. Photographed upon the walls of my memory is a picture of a beauteous creature which I made, and then destroyed. I suppose that I will be hanged now that I have confessed my crime, but I am ready to die."

£2 2s. FOR A PLOT.

I take it for granted that, on the whole, the readers of this paper are very fair judges of a good story. Moreover, there are undoubtedly a large number of people among them who are capable of devising excellent plots for stories, while they are not gifted with the necessary ability for working them up into readable form.

It seems to me a pity that such good material should be forced by lack of opportunity to lie dormant, and with a view to seeing what readers are capable of in this direction, I offer a couple of Guineas for what I consider to be the most striking plot for a short story.

The scene may be laid anywhere, and only a rough outline, should be given, embodied in a paragraph of not more than a hundred and fifty words. Any number of attempts may be sent by each competitor, but each attempt must be on a separate sheet of paper, with the name and address of the sender on the back. Competitions to be enclosed in an envelope marked "PLOT," and to reach this office by Tuesday, October 30th."

PASS ON, PLEASE!

If you should be so bold as to disregard the notice at the head of this paragraph, may I ask you to remember that the first issue of *Pearson's Library*—a complete novel, profusely illustrated, one hundred pages, price Sixpence, entitled, "A Girl Without a Name"—is now on sale.

If you have already purchased a copy and are pleased with it, will you recommend it to your friends? But if the needful visit to your newsagent or the bookstall has not been made, let me advise you to put it off no longer or you may be disappointed.

A single copy will be sent, post free, for Sevenpence, or the twelve monthly issues for Six Shillings, post free.

Digitized by Google

THE OUTLAWS OF THE AIR.

By George Griffith,

Author of "The Angel of the Revolution," "The Syren of the Skies," etc.

SUMMARY.

Max Renault, the leading spirit of the Anarchist "Autonomie Group No. 7," meets his colleagues in a club near the Caledonian Road on the eve of President Carnot's assassination. He shoots a traitor who has almost betrayed the Group and so saved Carnot's life. Then he tells them that he is about to emigrate with a society of Socialists, one of whom, Frederick Austen, a wealthy engineer who has been converted to Socialism, takes out with him a working model of an aerial vessel. This air-ship Renault determines to steal when complete, and use for the purpose of bringing about an Anarchist reign of terror. Meanwhile, Franz Hartog is to steal a very fast torpedo-boat destroyer, which is to be built at Elbing for the Russian Government, and, with her, to levy blackmail on the Atlantic, and so raise funds to build an Anarchist aerial fleet.

On Christmas Day, 1898, the *Calypso*, a steam yacht belonging to Sir Harry Milton, sights an island in the South Pacific, from which an electric launch, the *Mermaid*, puts off and tows the yacht in. Frank Markham, in command of the launch, tells Sir Harry, with whom are travelling his sister, Violet, and Herbert Wyndham, a lieutenant in the British Navy, on sick leave, that the island is Utopia, a Socialist Colony, founded some three years before by emigrants from England. On the island Sir Harry finds Frederick Austen, an old friend of his father's, who introduces the visitors to Edward Adams and Max Renault and the rest of the Utopians, and after lunch tells them the story of Utopia. Later on, Lieutenant Wyndham describes the outrages committed by the vessel Hartog has stolen from Elbing—on the Atlantic, and Mr. Austen vows that if no one else can sink the *Destroyer* the Utopians will. Wyndham inspects the *Nautilus*, a most formidable craft. Late that night, when the Lieutenant and Sir Harry are taking a stroll upon the hills, they are astounded by the apparition of an air-ship soaring across the mountains in the interior of the island. The next morning Sir Harry and Wyndham further discuss the problem raised by the appearance of the air-ship, and the latter determines to resign his commission and throw in his lot with the Utopians; but just as he is telling Sir Harry this, Renault appears unexpectedly and interrupts their conversation. A week later, a pic-nic is held on Mount Plato. Wyndham and Violet are lost sight of during the afternoon, and, as the others are searching for them, they see the air-ship rise from the crater of Mount Orient, and as it does so something white falls from its deck down into the crater.

CHAPTER IX.

A Double Tragedy.

In breathless silence, a silence in which wonder, fear, and horror were blended, the four spectators on the crater of Mount Plato watched the rapidly played out drama in the air that could scarcely fail to prove a tragedy which should cast a gloom over the lives, not only of the visitors to Utopia, but also over those of everyone on the island.

To Sir Harry it meant a sudden, irresistible, and agonising conviction that, somehow or other, the fate alike of his sister and his friend was involved in it. Without knowing how or why, he instinctively coupled it with the unaccountable absence of Wyndham and Violet from their party. With less reason but equal conviction he jumped to the conclusion that the chief actor in it was Max Renault, the man whom both he and the Lieutenant had insensibly grown both to dislike and mistrust.

But to Adams, and possibly also to the two girls, it meant even more than this. It meant that the air-ship, the priceless triumph of the combined genius of Utopia which was to give the Utopians the command of an empire wider than the confines of earth itself, had fallen into hands that could not be anything else but traitorous and which had taken it, with all its tremendous capacity for good and evil, away from the island to employ it in work at the nature of which they could only dimly guess.

She waved her hand to them as she swerved past.

Adams was the first to recover his self-command. Like the others he had followed the swiftly moving air-ship on her seaward course until she became a speck in the distance. Then he turned to Sir Harry and said in a tone that he vainly tried to keep steady:

"Our secret is out—and lost, I'm afraid! I can't understand it yet, but we can talk about that afterwards. There has been foul play over yonder and something terrible has happened, I am sure. Come along, we'll go over to the other crater. It's no use wasting time talking. Come along—I'll show you the way! You girls had better go back and tell the others and ask them to send up what help they can. We shall probably want it. You will know where to find us afterwards."

Dora and Lucy saw at once that this was the thing to do, and they were just starting back to the party on the plateau when Lucy stopped and without a word ran back into the crater. Hardly four minutes had passed before the others heard a clatter of hoofs and saw her come tearing at full gallop up the steep path that led out of the crater seated astride the back of the Shetland pony after the fashion of the ladies of Mexico. She waved her hand to them as she swerved past, and then went away at headlong speed down the mountain path towards the plateau.

"Bravo, Lucy!" cried Dora, following her with admiring eyes. "That was a better idea than walking or even running back. She'll be there in half the time that we could have got there together in. And now I can go with you; perhaps I may be useful."

"Yes, you will," said Sir Harry, "if what I fear has happened. I hope Lucy won't be thrown or have an accident before she gets there, riding at such a speed as that."

"There's not much fear of that," replied Dora. "There isn't a pony on the island that could throw her even without a saddle, and Grey-Legs is one of the surest-footed ponies we have. I wish we had three more here and we'd soon be at Mount Mystery—which is Mount Mystery no longer. Come along, let us get away!"

A narrow barely-defined path led down the eastern side of Mount Plato into the valley which separated it from the smaller mountain, and along this the three walked rapidly, Adams leading, Sir Harry in the middle, and Dora being at the rear. As soon as they had

Digitized by Google

cleared the rougher ground of the crater, they broke into a trot which soon brought them to the ascent leading up to the gap which was now plainly visible in the wall of the second crater. Here their speed was reduced to a walk again, and as they were climbing the steep ascent Sir Harry told Adams how the secret of the existence of the air-ship had been accidentally revealed to him and Wyndham a week before.

"I'm afraid that may do something towards explaining the mystery," said Adams in reply. "I wish to Heaven you had told me about it at once and then we might have taken some precautions."

"What do you mean?" asked Sir Harry.

"I can't explain now," said Adams, "and even if I could I don't suppose it would do much good. Whatever harm is done is done. Here we are. That is where the air-ship was built and where it ought to have been in hiding since you came. None of us, as far as I know, knew anything about the trip that she took on the night you speak of. She has only just been completed after numberless experiments, in her present form, and her trial trip was not to have taken place until you had left the island. That means treachery on someone's part."

The body of a man.

"And that someone is your engineer, Renault," said Sir Harry between his teeth as he followed Adams down the steep zigzag path that led to the interior of the crater.

The crater of Mount Orient, to give it the name which the Utopians had bestowed upon it in consequence of its easterly position, was a nearly circular plain with a diameter of about half a mile. It was covered with an abundant vegetation which proved it to have been quiescent longer than that of Mount Plato. The dense vegetation not only covered its floor but even robed its almost perpendicular walls with a thick leafy mass of trees interlaced with long flowering creepers.

Adams led the way rapidly down the path, but half way Dora, who was still bringing up the rear, stopped and pointing with one hand said:

"Look yonder, just by the clearing! Don't you see something white up in the trees there where that big palm is, just by the crater wall?"

They stopped and looked, and there sure enough in the rapidly fading light they made out a patch of something white showing against the dark green of the foliage.

"Come along, for God's sake!" almost gasped Sir Harry. "Heaven only knows what that white thing may be."

And before the words were well out of his mouth, Adams had sprung forward and plunged into a hidden path that ran along the floor of the crater under the trees. Sir Harry and Dora followed hard on his heels, and a few minutes' run brought them out into a little oval clearing in the midst of which stood a pallisading of palm trunks interlaced with wattles and creepers to a height of about twenty feet.

A door leading into it stood open, and as Adams ran through this he paused for a moment, uttered a half stifled cry and then ran on followed by the others. In the centre of the enclosure stood a raised platform some two hundred feet long by a hundred broad flanked on one side by a row of huts which evidently served as workshops. The platform was vacant save for a light frame-work of scaffolding which ran across its greater length, and the body of a man which lay beside it face downwards with the arms spread out.

One glance was enough to tell them that it was that of the Lieutenant. Adams and Sir Harry leapt on to the platform at the same moment and raised him very gently from the planks. His limbs were limp and inert, and as they lifted him his head fell forward on his breast.

"This looks like murder," said Adams as they raised him. "Good Heavens!—to think that we must have had a murder even in Utopia. Look there under his shoulder-blade. He's been stabbed in the back!"

"Yes," said Sir Harry thickly. "It must have been that, but perhaps he's not quite dead yet. Poor Bertie! I'm afraid that scoundrel overheard us after all, and this is the result."

"Run and get some water, Dora, quick!" cried Adams. "Have a look in the store-room and see if there is any brandy or anything of the sort there. Look sharp, there's a good girl!"

Dora without a word jumped off the platform and darted away on her errand, and meanwhile Adams and Sir Harry with one impulse tore off, the one his cloak and the other his jacket, and rolled them up to make a pillow for Wyndham's head. Then they laid him on his side and Adams, whipping out his knife, cut through his jacket and shirt and laid open a small clean-cut wound just under the left shoulder-blade out of which a few drops of fresh blood oozed very slowly.

"He's not dead yet," cried Sir Harry, "or else the wound wouldn't bleed. Thank God for that! The brute's knife must just have missed his heart."

"Yes, we'll soon have a pad over that," said Adams. "Give me your handkerchief and hold his head up a minute."

Sir Harry obeyed, and he pulled his light woollen cloak from under Wyndham's head, tore it into three or four strips and then, making a pad out of Sir Harry's silk handkerchief and his own, staunched the wound and bandaged it as skilfully and as rapidly as a surgeon could have done.

"Now we can lay him on his back," he continued. "Ah, here comes Dora with the water and a bottle of brandy. Now we shall be able to bring him to, I think."

In another moment Dora was beside them with the bottle in one hand and a water-jug in the other. Sir Harry half emptied the brandy into the water and bathed Wyndham's cold, pallid face with it. To his unspeakable relief his eyes half opened and a faint sigh escaped from his lips.

In a moment Dora had poured some brandy on her handkerchief and squeezed a few drops into his mouth. His eyes opened wider, and another sigh, this time stronger, came accompanied by a slight convulsive movement of his chest. Then Sir Harry raised him to a half-sitting position, kneeling beside him and letting his body rest against his knees.

He opened his eyes fully and looked about him with a dazed expression of a man waking from an evil dream. A faint inarticulate sound came from his lips as Adams held the jug to them. He drank a little almost mechanically, and as he swallowed it a faint shudder ran through his body. He looked at them with reason dawning in his eyes, and with a painful effort whispered:

"Where's Violet—and the air-ship—Renault?" and then his head fell back against Sir Harry's arm and he fainted.

The two men looked at each other blankly for a moment, and Dora, suddenly clasping her hands together, exclaimed in a low, broken voice:

"Oh, poor Violet, I see it now! I see what happened. Renault must have taken her up in the air-ship with him and she threw herself out. It was her white dress that we saw falling and that must be her up in the trees. Carry him to the living shed and put him in one of the berths. I'll nurse him till the others come, and you go and see if you can find poor Violet. It was an awful fall, but perhaps it hasn't killed her."

It was plainly the best thing to be done, and so they did it.

Digitized by Google

They lifted the wounded man very gently between them and carried him from the platform into one of the huts which had been used as a living room by those who had been at work on the air-ship. Here they laid him in a low, comfortable berth, first seeing that his wound had not begun to bleed again, and then, after reviving him again with a little more brandy, left him to Dora's gentle care.

The first thing Adams did was to go into another of the huts and bring out a long coil of light strong rope and a light grappling iron that had been meant for one of the anchors of the air-ship. He gave these to Sir Harry and vanished into the hut again, re-appearing this time with a couple of strong bill-hooks, a hatchet, and a bag of spikes.

"Now we're ready," he said. "Come along! If she is there we will soon have her down. I haven't been three years in Utopia without learning how to climb palm trees."

It took them nearly twenty minutes to hack and push their way through the thick undergrowth that lay between the enclosure and the tall palm by the wall of the crater which Dora had pointed out. When they got under it a single glance upwards showed them that Dora's guess had been right. Lying on the broad umbrella-like expanse of the great radiating leaves of the palm crest, more than a hundred feet from the ground, lay in a huddled heap a form which could be no other than Violet's.

The palm trunk leant outwards at a considerable angle from the crater wall, and Adams, slinging the bag of spikes round his neck and fastening one end of the rope round his waist, took out a spike and drove it in to the sloping side of the trunk as high as he could reach. Then, telling Sir Harry to keep the rope clear, he swarmed up, got his foot upon it and drove another one in about five feet above it. Then he mounted on to this one and drove in another, and so on up the tree.

Sir Harry slid and climbed with his burden down from spike to spike.

Sir Harry stood below and watched him in the dusk with straining eyes, scarcely daring to breathe in his anxiety lest the swaying of the trunk, which perceptibly increased as he got higher and higher, should dislodge Violet from the top and destroy their last hope by flinging her to the ground. Adams' last spike only carried him to within about ten feet of the top. Sir Harry could just see him stop and saw in an instant what was the matter.

"Can't you get any higher?" he shouted. "Shall I get some more spikes and bring them up to you?"

"No," said Adams, "there is no need for that. I can almost reach the top. Can you climb?"

"Yes. I can climb up there, at any rate."

"Very well then, come up. Does the rope reach to the ground?"

"Yes, and plenty to spare."

"All right, then come along and be careful."

Before the words were out of his mouth Sir Harry had got his foot on the first spike and was climbing quickly, but cautiously, up the trunk. When he reached the last, Adams, putting his arms and legs round the trunk, swarmed up until he got a hold of the root of one of the leaves.

"Now," he said, "get your foot on to the last spike, hold tight, and let me get my foot on your shoulder."

Sir Harry did as he was bidden with a steadiness that spoke volumes for his muscles and his nerves, and in another minute Adams had crawled up through the leaves and on to the crest of the tree. Sir Harry waited for a moment in agonised suspense until he heard him say:

"She's here, insensible and badly injured I'm afraid, but I don't believe she's dead. At any rate, we'll have her down in a few minutes. You stop there and get ready to take her."

Then he hauled up the rope, passed the other end round her body and made it fast in a loop under her arms. Then slowly and with infinite care he raised her from where she was lying and worked her towards the side where her brother was waiting to take hold of her. The great leaves of the palm swayed horribly, and Sir Harry expected every moment to see them both go crashing through to the ground, a hundred feet below. But Adams knew what he was about, and the expected never came.

He managed to get himself firmly planted in the crown of the tree, with his legs wedged between the leaves, and then, holding

Digitized by Google

the slack of the rope in his teeth, he gradually pushed the body of the unconscious girl forward and downwards until her brother got his one free arm round her waist. Then, bracing himself in his seat, he took the rope in one hand, steadying her with the other, and said:

"Now, if you've got her, slide down to the next spike. I'll keep her weight on the rope. Don't be afraid of her falling."

"All right," said Sir Harry. "Lower away."

And then with a rustle Violet disappeared through the leaves. Tearing his clothes and his skin against the rough rind of the tree, Sir Harry slid and climbed with his burden down from spike to spike, Adams always keeping the rope sufficiently taut to relieve him of the greater part of her weight, until at length, bleeding and breathless, he passed the last spike and laid her on the ground.

"It's all right, Adams," he shouted in a hoarse, gasping voice. "Thank God she is safe so far, if she is only alive!"

"Good," replied Adams, at once lowering himself out of the top. "I'll be down in a minute and then we'll carry her to the shed."

CHAPTER X.

SIR HARRY'S RESOLVE.

By the time they got Violet back to the shed and laid in one of the berths, Lucy had returned on her pony from the camping ground with the news that Mr. Austen, with Mark Edwards, a young physician who had joined the colony with the second party of emigrants, and Doctor Roberts, the surgeon of the *Calypso*, a bluff, good-natured man of considerable talent and more experience, whom it has not been necessary to introduce to the reader before, were coming after her on ponies, and that her own mother and Dora's would also be there before long to take charge of either of the missing guests if any nursing was necessary.

Well, Roberts."

She was, of course, terribly shocked to learn the nature and extent of the misfortunes that had brought the day's enjoyment to such a terrible end, but, with the same promptness that she had displayed in going for help, she settled down at once to help Dora in doing what could be done for Violet before the doctors came, while Sir Harry and Adams looked after the wounded Lieutenant. In less than half an hour later the anxiously awaited assistance came, and Doctor Roberts at once took charge of Violet, who was still alive, although all efforts to restore her to consciousness had failed, while Doctor Edwards attended to the Lieutenant.

Violet had been laid in a hut by herself, and the doctor would allow no one to enter this until he had completed his examination of her injuries. Sir Harry waited outside in miserable anxiety, pacing up and down in front of the sheds with set teeth and knitted brows, thinking now of the terrible calamity which he felt sure must have fallen upon the bright young life of his only sister, and now of the scoundrel who had so wantonly wrought so much evil on those who had never harmed him.

He had not continued his walk long before Mr. Austen joined him and received from him a more detailed and coherent account of what had really happened than Lucy had been able to give him. To say that he was unspeakably distressed and bewildered by the strange and terrible events of the evening would be far from describing his true state of mind.

"I am utterly at a loss to conceive," he said after Sir Harry had told his story, "either what motive Renault could have had for committing such a dreadful crime, or what could have induced him to turn traitor to the colony, as he undoubtedly has done, and steal the air-ship from us."

"I can understand that more easily," said Sir Harry, "than I can see why such a man with a weapon of destruction like the air-ship under his command should have been content to leave the island without doing even more damage than he did. I should have thought that he could have destroyed as many of us as he chose when he was once in the air, to say nothing of blowing up the settlement and the dockyard. From what Wyndam told me, it would be perfectly easy for an air-ship to do that."

"That is very simply explained," replied Mr. Austen. "From what has happened I'm afraid there is no doubt but that he would have done so if he could, but, happily for us, we have not yet made the necessary explosives for that sort of work. You see we had no intention of using the air-ship for warlike purposes, unless, indeed, it had ever become necessary to defend Utopia against aggression or assault. We have, in fact, scarcely any weapons at all on the island, so, you see, he couldn't use what he hadn't got."

"But what about the explosive which you are going to use to work the engines of the *Nautilus*?" objected Sir Harry. "I should have thought that would have made the most fearfully effective bombs. It must be terribly powerful."

"So it is, but then it will deflagrate at no lower temperature than that of the electric spark. It would be tremendously effective in mines or torpedoes, but it wouldn't do for bombs or projectiles which had to be exploded by the shock of contact. If it did it wouldn't be safe to carry it in large quantities even on board a ship. It is just to that fact that we probably owe all our lives."

"I see; but then, as Renault knew that you possessed the secret of this explosive and of the others which I suppose you intended to use, as well as the knowledge of the construction of the air-ship, why did he not kill you before he left the island so as to be the sole possessor of secrets which would have placed the world practically at his mercy?"

"That," replied Mr. Austen, with a perceptible shudder, "is probably because in the first place he would have had to kill not only myself but Adams, Doctor Edwards, and our old pioneer Ambrose Miller, before he could have been sure of the sole possession of the secret of the motor-fuel, and again because I have no doubt but that the scheme that he put into action to-day was finally conceived and carried out on the spur of the moment.

"It is obvious that he intended to carry your sister off with him by force, and he must have seized some opportunity that presented itself this afternoon and which made him resolve to risk everything on the success of the one bold stroke without waiting to carry out the other designs which I daresay he had."

"You are probably right," said Sir Harry. "Now I come to think of it it has crossed my mind two or three times during the last week that the fellow was trying to pay more attention to poor Violet than mere politeness demanded. I wonder how long Roberts—ah, there he is at last! You'll excuse me, won't you; I must go and hear what he has to say at once."

Just as he spoke the doctor came out of the hut looking very serious, and asked Mrs. Merton to go in again with him for a few moments. Then, leaving her with Violet, he went to Sir Harry, who greeted him with:

"Well, Roberts, is there any hope for her? Tell me the worst at once because it can't be worse than what I have been dreading for her."

"My dear fellow," said the doctor putting his arm through his and leading him away from the others, "I'm not going to attempt to disguise from you the fact that the poor girl is very badly injured. Of course I've not been able to make a very complete examination yet, and I can't until I have the necessary instruments from the ship, but as far as I have been able to go I have found that the right leg is broken both above and below the knee, the collar bone is broken, and the right

Digitized by Google

shoulder badly dislocated. So far there is nothing in that that a strong young girl couldn't get better from, but I am sadly afraid that there's serious injury to the spine as well and concussion of the brain on the top of that."

The doctor felt the muscles of Sir Harry's arm quiver as he spoke, but as he didn't speak for a moment he went on:

"So far I don't know whether or not there are any internal injuries, but of course there may be. She has evidently had an awful fall, and only being caught in the top of that palm tree saved her from being smashed out of all human shape. As it is we can only be thankful that she is alive and do our best to pull her through."

"Then that's the worst as far as you can tell me, is it?" asked Sir Harry in a hard, strained voice. "God knows it's bad enough, poor girl, even if it's no worse than that!"

"Yes, that's the worst as far as I know, but I must also tell you that there is no real reason for despairing. That young Edwards, although he's a Socialist, seems a very clever, well-informed man. In fact, he's a St. Mary's man and an M.D. of London as well, so he must be pretty good. I can't think what on earth brought him out to an outlandish place like this. Might have done splendidly in England, I've no doubt. Perhaps he had no capital, and brains won't do without that nowadays.

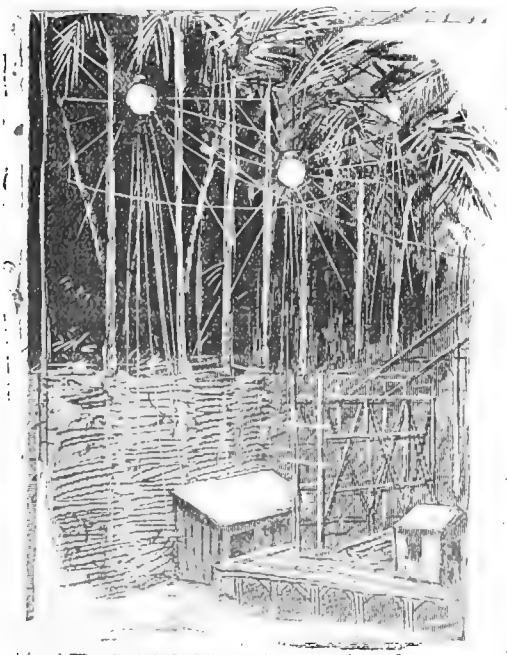
"However that's nothing to do with it. As soon as Mrs. Merton has done what I've asked her to do, Edwards and I will set the broken bones and do everything else that is necessary and can be done. For the rest we must trust to Nature and a good constitution."

"And what about Wyndham?" asked Sir Harry.

"Oh, he'll do, I think. That wound's nothing to the one he had in Africa. If the knife had gone under instead of over the rib that it struck it would have touched the heart and finished him. As it is there is nothing to stop him being about again in three months, especially in a magnificent climate like this.

"I don't think we shall have either of them moved from here, at any rate for the present. This mountain air is splendid and the valley is perfectly sheltered. Couldn't have a more perfect place for a sanatorium, so we must turn a couple of these huts into hospitals for the time being, and Edwards and I will take turns in constant attendance as long as it's necessary. You can rest assured that everything that can be done will be done."

"Yes, Roberts," replied Sir Harry, laying his hand on the doctor's shoulder, "I'm perfectly certain of that. I know you'll do your best, and God grant it may be good enough. Now can I go and see her?"



The electric lights . . . were turned on.

"No, certainly not at present," replied the doctor, shaking his head decisively. "That would do no good either to you or to her. In the first place she is unconscious still, and in the second place the moment Mrs. Merton is ready Edwards and I must set to work to reduce the fractures. Every minute is of consequence and makes successful setting harder, so you must wait until our work is done. Go to Wyndham and look after him. As soon as I can let you see your sister you shall do so. Now be off. Don't let Wyndham talk, but you can tell him that Miss Violet is still alive, and for all I know not likely to die."

So saying the doctor pushed Sir Harry gently in the direction of the Lieutenant's hut, and then entered the one in which Violet was lying.

No one left the crater of Mount Orient that night. Messengers had been despatched by Mr. Austen to the settlement and the yacht, to bring up everything that was necessary, from the doctor's instruments to provisions and tents for those for whom there would be no room in the huts. Fires were lighted, and the electric lights by which the constructors of the air-ship had worked by night were turned on. Like the other machinery used in building the dynamos were driven by water power, so the current was always ready for use.

Before ten o'clock quite a train of ponies and donkeys had arrived from the settlement, and within an hour everyone had settled down into his or her place in the impromptu camp and was doing something for the present or future comfort of the two invalids. If the welfare of the whole colony had depended upon their recovery no more could have been done for them than their kind-hearted hosts did.

No one spoke of the terrible, but not irreparable, loss that Utopia had sustained through Renault stealing the air-ship, or of the perils that might menace it if he came back armed with explosives to take revenge for his partial failure, and to destroy those who would be alone able to build a second cruiser of the air capable of opposing the one that he had stolen. For the time being the Utopians seemed entirely engrossed by the misfortunes that had befallen their guests and to have no time to consider their own.

It was a little before midnight, when Wyndham had dropped off to sleep and Violet still remained invisible by the doctor's orders, that Sir Harry, Mr. Austen, and Adams were taking a turn in the clearing before going to bed, and Sir Harry was speaking quietly, but in a voice that bespoke a resolution of no small moment;

"I have seen enough to-day and to-night," he said, "to convince me that in allying myself with you, if you will have me, I shall be doing the best thing that I can do, not only for myself and poor Violet, if she survives what she has to go through, but also for the world at large. I didn't tell you before, but I may tell you now, that when Wyndham and I first discovered that you possessed an air-ship he decided to throw up his commission in the British Navy and offer his services to you as navigating lieutenant of the *Nautilus*.

"If you can see your way to making him that when he gets well I think you will do well, for I know that he is a very skilful sailor as well as being as brave as a lion, and that he is really thought a great deal of by the authorities at home, especially after that last affair of his on the West Coast."

"Yes," said Mr. Austen, "I am quite sure of that, and I can tell you that he won't even need to ask for the command of the *Nautilus* if he is willing to take it."

"I am glad to hear it," continued Sir Harry. "Now, as regards myself, of course you know I am one of those somewhat useless creatures called gentlemen of fortune, and so I have been trained to nothing useful and know nothing useful. But I have one thing that's useful, and that's money. Happily I have plenty of that, and with your help I'm ready to devote every penny that I have got to the work of hunting down that scoundrel Renault and punishing him for what he has done to-day.

"If you can teach me to do anything else you'll find me willing to learn, but that I'm ready to do now. I can raise half a million if necessary as soon as I get back to England, and another million after that if it is wanted to build cruisers and air-ships and find the best material and talent for the work that money can buy. You can think over what I have said to-night and give me your answer in the morning."

"There's no need for that," said Adams. "If you like to join your fortunes with ours, either for good or until your object is accomplished, there is no one in Utopia who will not

Digitized by Google

welcome you, and as for the help that you offer us in repairing our loss, that, too, we will accept in the same spirit in which it is made; so that is a bargain between us, either as friends for the time being or comrades for good."

"Lieutenant Wyndham has just woke up. He is much better and wants to speak to Sir Harry at once," said Dora, who had joined them unperceived while they were talking.

Sir Harry went at once and found his friend sitting in his berth propped up by pillows.

"How's Violet?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

Sir Harry shook his head.

"I don't know yet, old man," he said. "Roberts won't let me see her yet, but he tells me there is no immediate danger. What do you want me for? You mustn't talk too much, you know."

"I know," replied Wyndham. "But I've just remembered where I saw that fellow Renault, and I want to tell you before I forget again. It was nearly four years ago, when I was on leave in London. The police had raided an Anarchist club somewhere up near the Caledonian Road, and a friend of mine, a barrister, was retained to prosecute the fellows who were caught. Renault was one of them, but he called himself Louis Rolland then.

"Lieutenant Wyndham has just woke up."

"They found him with explosives in the house, just the things that the Anarchists use in making their bombs, and they also found correspondence which made it plain enough to my mind that he and the others had something to do with the murder of President Carnot. The case was as plain as daylight against them, but they had a very smart man for them, and because it couldn't be actually proved that they were using the explosives to manufacture bombs the whole lot got off.*

"Take my word for it, Renault's an Anarchist, pure and simple, and he has stolen the air-ship to go and join those fellows in the *Destroyer*. The Lord only knows what will happen if he succeeds."

"And Heaven only can prevent it," added Sir Harry, "for no earthly power can."

(To be continued next week.)

* [An almost identical case occurred in London only a short time ago.—AUTHOR.]

HER ADVENTURE WITH A SPRIG OF THE NOBILITY.

A WELL-PRESERVED elderly man, with a pleasant expression, iron-grey hair, and faultlessly dressed, might have been occasionally seen strolling along the Promenade des Anglais, at Nice, last winter. He peered a good deal under the bonnets of pretty women. But there was a demure and half-respectful expression in his glance which at once dispelled any rising feeling of resentment. His serious, sympathetic, half-smile, combined with his age, gave him a certain immunity which would not be extended to younger men. He was known in society as Mr. John P. Chase, of Chicago City.

Mr. Chase, accompanied by his daughter, arrived in the Riviera last November. He took up his abode in a small, but pretty villa on the outskirts of Nice, and signified his intention of staying the whole season. Very soon after his arrival it was rumoured that Mr. John P. Chase was a millionaire, a "king" of railways, iron, or something, rumour did not know what; nevertheless, Society received both him and his daughter with open arms. The people who benefit their health and lose their money at the Riviera are generally a nice set; so the American millionaire was soon able to number some of the best patrons of Mentone and Nice amongst his acquaintances. His conduct in public was most exemplary. That mystic word "millionaire" acted as a charm against all prejudice, and also commanded the society of a select circle of parasites.

Miss Nathalie Chase was of that type which police-court reporters would have termed "of prepossessing appearance." She was tall and graceful; too slight, it may be, to fulfil the rigorous standard of womanly beauty, but possessed a figure rounded and symmetrical as a nymph's, with the same length of limb and airiness of gesture which painters have combined to confer on those strange mythological coquettes.

They were seen everywhere. On the Promenade des Anglais in the afternoon, and in the evening at Monte Carlo, enjoying a mild game of roulette—with friends, of course. In Nice, Nellie Chase was the belle, greatly to the envy of numbers of other fair damsels who were being put up for sale in the matrimonial market by their mammon-seeking parents. The men swarmed round her to bask in her sweet smiles wherever she went, and she seemed to thoroughly relish a flirtation.

There was one youth whom she particularly favoured. He was the Hon. Bertie Mashem, whom everybody knew to be heir to the fine estates of the Earl of Slushford. He occupied one of the best suites of rooms in the Hôtel Paris, and was generally thought by scheming mothers to be a fish worth baiting for. When Chase *père* and *fille* appeared upon the scene these mothers waxed exceeding wroth, in consequence

Digitized by Google

of the Hon. Bertie turning up his nose at their bargains and transferring his inconstant affections to the newcomer.

At first he set about to become on intimate terms with the millionaire, lunching and dining him at his hotel in princely style, and then by degrees he gradually grew friendly with the girl. In fact, it was he who had placed them *en evidence* with society, and had introduced them to all the best people.

The Hon. Bertie rather prided himself on his game of *écarté*, and, strange to say, Mr. Chase also estimated himself a player, so it was hardly a matter for surprise that they kept touch with the "form" displayed by other visitors, and frequently passed their evenings within the precincts of the much-abused Casino. Money passed very freely between Mashem and the American, and the game frequently ended by Bertie's victory, and some disguised chagrin on the part of his friend.

One evening Bertie and Nathalie were strolling along the terrace over-looking the Mediterranean. The gaming-room was crowded, and a walk under the oranges and palms was delightfully cool and refreshing after play, which had lasted several hours. Bertie had won, as usual, and left Chase, in order to obtain a *tête-à-tête* with Nellie.

They had walked some distance, when the girl said to her companion, "What a magnificent moon! We don't get such as that on our side."

"Yes," replied Bertie, "it's almost as lovely as you, my darling."

"A compliment, most truly," she said, with a smile and a mocking bow.

He paused for a moment, and raising her tiny gloved hand to his lips, said, "Nell, my darling, I love you!" Placing his arms round her neck, there in the moonlight he told her the oft-repeated story in a truly romantic fashion.

Before they again moved along over the gravelled path Nathalie Chase had promised to become the betrothed of the Hon. Bertie Mashem, and the latter had promised to "ask papa" at the earliest opportunity. They had vowed eternal affection, and the young lady had signified her intention of having "a swagger wedding," to which her adorer readily acquiesced. . . . At last she had "caught on" a good thing.

On the following morning, Bertie, after attiring himself in gorgeous raiment, and paying particular attention to the minor details of his toilet, duly appeared at the millionaire's villa, and was accorded an interview.

"Wal, you're real early this morning, Bertie," said Mr. John P. Chase, of Chicago, when his friend was ushered into the neat little drawing-room.

"Air so invigorating, don't you know. Can't sleep at night." The latter part of the sentence was quite true, for he had been awake most part of the night, thinking of the undeniable loveliness of his *fiancée*.

"Have a corpse reviver? Nellie isn't up yet, the lazy little puss."

"Aw—thanks, my dear Chase, I'll have nothing. I've come to talk to you on a little matter of business."

"Business, eh? What's up?"

"Well—er," said Bertie, as he took his seat, "the fact of the matter is, I want your consent that Nathalie may become my wife."

John P. Chase looked a little astonished, pulled his grey moustache thoughtfully, and said: "Hum! You surprise me very much. Out West they don't usually make matches as quick as this."

"True," stammered Bertie; "but I really love her, and she's willing to be mine."

"What is your position?"

"I'm heir to the estates of the Earl of Slushford, my uncle, which means eight thousand pounds a year."

"What's that in dollars?"

"Don't know. Always was a duffer at figures."

"How old is your uncle?"

"Aw, it's very nearly time he croaked, for he's over eighty."

John P. Chase gave a grunt of satisfaction over this intelligence, and was silent for a moment.

"Well, Mr. Mashem, your expectations ain't what we call tall, but I'll give my consent to the union providing you're willing to render me a **small** service."

Bertie was delighted.

"Most certainly," he replied; "I am perfectly at your command."

The millionaire **drew his chair** closer, and in a half-whisper said, with a stronger nasal accent than usual:

"Look here, I've been playing heavily since I've been in this 'ere place, **and I'm what** you may call slightly embarrassed. Only temporarily, of course, but I don't want to draw on my bankers in New York; besides it would take time."

"I understand thoroughly. Er—what amount——."

"Only a few hundred pounds."

The Honourable Bertie put his hand into his breast pocket and produced his cheque-book. His companion placed a pen and ink before him.

"Now, how much?"

"I leave it to you," replied John P.

Mashem placed his signature to a cheque, and handing it to him said:

"Fill it in yourself, my deah fellah, and don't be afraid."

The American took it with a smile, and an expression of thanks, adding that he trusted Nellie would "love, honour, and obey" him.

The Duke of Slushford's heir then withdrew, and the same evening took his future bride for a drive along the lovely Corniche road.

The next day he went over to San Remo, to make a dutiful visit to a fossilised maiden aunt, but even before he alighted from the train, he felt a longing to return to his fair American. After three days he could stand it no longer, so he returned to Nice by the *rapide*, and drove at once to the villa.

"Is Miss Chase within?" he asked of the servant who answered the door.

"No, both monsieur and mademoiselle left the day before yesterday, and have not since returned."

Bertie was dumfounded. He inquired if any message had been left, but, as none was forthcoming, he drove to his hotel.

"Any letters for me, Farren?" he asked of his man.

"Yes, sir, this one."

Bertie tore it open eagerly, and read. His face grew pale, and he sank into an adjacent arm-chair.

The letter ran as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your cheque, which I have filled up for £5,000. I shall be obliged if you will discontinue your thoughts regarding Nathalie, for instead of being my daughter she is my wife.—Faithfully yours,

"J. P. CHASE."

"P.S.—I will repay you the loan when we next meet."

Mashem at once wired his bankers to stop the cheque, but, alas! the reply came that it had been cashed. The Hon. Bertie had been "rushed."

Next morning, happening to take up *Galignani* in the hotel reading-room, his eye caught the following paragraph:—

"ARREST OF SWINDLERS.—Late last night the police arrested at the Gare St. Lazare the *soi-disant* American millionaire, named Chase, and also his wife, who were about to proceed to London. For some time past the police have kept observation upon them, and we hear their latest victim was a young English nobleman, who is at Nice. A considerable sum of money was found upon the man, who, it appears, has practised systematic frauds."

Bertie succeeded in regaining four thousand pounds, and is now very careful about his cheques—especially blank ones. The "millionaire" and his pretty wife will live at the expense of the Republic for several years to come.

POSTAL RATES.

SHORT STORIES will be sent direct from these offices, post free, to any country within the Postal Union, at the following rates, prepaid:—

One Year	6s. 6d.
Half Year	3s. 3d.
Three Months	1s. 8d.

Printed and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON, at "Pearson's Weekly" Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Digitized by Google

A

POSITIVE REMEDY

FOR

CORPULENCE.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulency and the Cure," 256 pages, and is a cheap issue (only 4d.), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes:—"Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for, in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner, he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more, if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a marchioness, writes from Madrid:—'My son, Count ——, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos.—*i.e.*, 34 lbs.' Another writes:—'So far (six weeks from commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight.' The next (a lady) writes:—'I am just half the size.' A fourth:—'I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 8 lbs. in weight since I commenced (two weeks).' Another writes:—'A reduction of 18 lbs. in a month is a great success.' A lady from Bournemouth writes:—'I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about.' Again a lady says:—'It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over.' The author is very positive. He says:—'Step on a weighing machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee you have lost 2 lbs. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations.'"—*Cork Herald.*

Should Stout Persons STARVE THEMSELVES?

We are afraid that semi-starvation as a cure for corpulency prevails very much to a dangerous degree. Mr. Archer, the late well-known prominent jockey, was in the habit of going without food for a long stretch in order that he could ride a certain horse at its weight, and there is not much doubt that the debility resulting from this habit of abstemiousness was certainly not conducive to combating the dire attack of fever which was, perhaps, indirectly responsible for the untimely end, in the zenith of his fame, of this unfortunate but accomplished horseman. Even Mary Jane in the kitchen will eat sparingly of the food allowed her, while she will seek to reduce her fat by copious draughts from the vinegar cruet, and succeed only in injuring the coats of her stomach—the forerunner of dyspeptic troubles which will be difficult to overcome.

The Continental medicos seem to advocate this great reduction of ordinary foods, but one of these savants suggests that the stout person should eat considerably of fatty meats, in order that the appetite is appeased, and consequently less food required, so that practically this is indirectly advocating semi-starvation. On the other hand, Mr. Russell, the British specialist, takes a different course. He says, "Eat as much as you like," and as it is an acknowledged fact that under his treatment persons lose from 2 lb. to 12 lb. per week, it beyond doubt stands out pre-eminent against those so-called starvation cures "made in Germany." Some claim that Mr. Russell has to insist upon his patients drinking hot water every morning, but on the contrary he avers that it is dangerous to do so, and has, of course, never advised it. No; the success of Mr. Russell's treatment is incomparably beyond other specialists, for he resorts to no stringent dietary, and simply prescribes a harmless vegetable tonic combination which is the outcome of years of study and botanical research. We advise all those interested in this question to get his book, the price of which is only 4d. It is entitled, "Corpulency and the Cure," 256 pages, and is published by him at Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It can be had direct, or through any bookseller.—Extract from *The Million.*

Digitized by Google

500,000 POPULAR SONGS

(Words and Music),

TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

2s. *Post Free.*

"Go to Bye-Bye, Pussie,"

PUBLISHED AT **4s.**

2s. *Post Free.*

Written and Composed by JOSEPH TABRAR,

AUTHOR AND COMPOSER OF

"DADDY WOULDN'T BUY ME A BOW-WOW,"

One of the Thousands of Songs I had the pleasure of Writing and Composing for Popular Artistes. I consider

2s. *Post Free.*

"Go to Bye-Bye, Pussie,"

2s. *Post Free.*

The prettiest of all my Compositions, and being determined to make it as Popular as

"DADDY WOULDN'T BUY ME A BOW-WOW,"

I guarantee—as an inducement to one and all—to present each Purchaser of

2s. *Post Free.*

"Go to Bye-Bye, Pussie,"

2s. *Post Free.*

WITH 40 OTHER POPULAR SONGS (*Words and Music Complete*),

Making in all 41 Popular Songs, including the following:—

DOWN THE ROAD,	CAT CAME BACK,	BUNK-A-DOODLE-I-DO,
THEY ALL TAKE AFTER ME,	SHIPMATES,	AFTER THE BALL,
ONE OF THE BOYS,	THE ROWDY DOWDY BOYS,	TWIGGY VOUS,
AND THE VERDICT WAS,	COMRADES,	KNOCKED 'EM IN CHICAGO,
HAVE A DRINK, BOYS,	HALF-PAST NINE,	'GARN AWAY,
MY FAIRY MARY GREEN,	TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE,	OO-DIDDLY-OO',
ACCIDENTS,		

"DADDY WOULDN'T BUY ME A BOW-WOW,"

And 19 others, making, as above stated, 41 in all. Each Parcel contains a litho photo of myself. One Parcel, Post free, 2s.; Two Parcels, 3s. 6d. (P.O. preferred.)

Address—

JOSEPH TABRAR,

168, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON, S.E.

N.B.—The above gigantic offer may sound absurd, but it is nevertheless a FACT, as the following Testimonials will prove:—

SIR,—The parcel received, which is the best 2s. worth I have ever known.—Yours,
9, Clayton Street, S.E. H. A. DUFFY.

DEAR SIR,—The forty-one songs to hand, with which I am more than delighted.
125, Westminster Bridge Road. CHAS. WILSON.

J. TABRAR, Esq.—Please send two more parcels, for which I enclose P.O.
KITTIE DEE.

J. T. MASS has received your parcel, and is very pleased with same.
13, Sharbutt Street, Poplar.

Digitized by Google